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AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

AUTHOR OF "SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

The frosts of age are on his brow;
Life's year has passed its summer part;
He only has his memories now
To keep the winter from his heart.
One memory always comes to him
When twilight wraps the world about,
And in the heaven-arch, shadow-dim,
The stars come peeping shyly out.
It always brings the summer back,
Sweet with the breath of balmy flowers;
No winds from tropic shores he lacks
To warm his heart through winter hours.
Again he hears a voice, more sweet
Than voice of breeze, or bird, or bee,
Whose cadence nothing can repeat,
Except the old man's memory.
It thrills him like a draught of wine,
And listening, he grows young once more.
In yellow locks his fingers twine,
Whose gold the grave mold covers o'er.
What sweet, sweet words she whispers o'er!
Her breath is halm upon his cheek!
Oh, whispers from the shadow-shore,
No words but true ones can you speak!
Her head upon his happy heart
Drops like a tired child's to rest,
And into gladdest slumber start
The birds of love within his breast.
Well, let him dream. To dream is best
When waking hours are drear and long,
But dreams like his are full of rest,
And sweet with blossom, scent and song.
In dreams he never can grow old,
Life's winter-time is far away;
His heart forgets the frost and cold,
And counts it summer all the day.

Detective Dick;

OR,

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A WARM INTERVIEW.

"Luck! You kin bet your bottom dime on that. I've had a streak just as big as the side of a mountain."
"Hold yer hosses a bit, Dick. Good luck can keep sweet till we're ready to use it. He had that goes our. I never talk business on an empty pipe."
The speaker—a middle-aged man, with thick, grizzled whiskers, and a face as rough as a chestnut-burr—produced a handsome meerschaum from his pocket, and proceeded deliberately to charge it with tobacco.
Dick sat, with a grim smile on his young face, curiously watching this process.
The pipe lit, his companion took two or three long whiffs, sending the smoke curling through the air, his face full of deep satisfaction.
"There. That's what I call comfort," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth to speak. "Now, Dick, you can smoke, and I'll keep sweet awhile longer."
"What do you mean, you blowed young rag doct?" growled Dick.
"Somehow I can't never talk business till I've had a puff," answered the boy, deliberately producing from somewhere in his old apparel a half-smoked cigar. "S'pose you favor your uncle with a light."
The man looked half-angry for a moment; then, with a short laugh, he handed Dick his pipe.
Dick proceeded, with great nonchalance, to light his stump of a cigar, and while doing so it will be a good time to introduce him to the reader.
He was a short, well-set boy, of apparently some sixteen years of age, though there was the worldly wisdom of a man in his not overly clean face. Dick laid no claims to beauty of countenance, but he had all the keenness of the genuine street-boy. His dress was a conglomerate, seemingly made up of stray bits of cast-off clothing, and long since worn into rags. A coat, which had been made for a taller person, came down nearly to his heels, while a limp, rough-and-ready hat was set as jauntily over one ear as if Dick was proud of its possession.
"There," exclaimed Dick, handing back the pipe. "That's what I call comfort." He put his heels on the table, tilted back his chair to a dangerous angle, and poured out smoke from his lips till his head seemed enveloped in a cloud.
"Well, if you ain't a cool coon," declared the man, with a look of some admiration. "If he ain't got the impudence of old Nic himself, then I'll rent out my head for lodgings."
"Dunno who you'd git to rent such an empty old barn of a place as that," was Dick's provoking retort.
"I'll set on you after awhile, and mash you, sure as my name's Ned Hogan," with a touch of spleen. "You'd best dry up while your skin's whole. There's enough of this slack, now; let's hear what you do." Dick bent his eyes meditatively on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips.
"What's your favorite brand of cigars?" he asked, innocently, as if he had not heard Hogan's question.
"Do you want me to smother you?" cried the latter, pulling up his sleeves with grim meaning.
"I don't smoke none but Concha de Figueira," continued Dick, with sublime disregard of Hogan's threat. "This is a genuine Concher. Just smell that flavor if you want rose-water and cognac rolled into one and ironed out flat. Why, it's enough to make a man forget his grandmother!"
"What gutter do you patronize for your Conchers now?" asked Hogan, taking the pipe from his lips.
"That's an out-and-out Continental. Guv



Dick bent his eyes meditatively on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips.

me by a young buck for holding his boss. I alters take pay in cigars—and nickels. Conchers, you see, is the poetry of my business. But nickels is necessary.
Hogan sat watching the boy as if uncertain just what to make of him. It was evident enough that threats were waste words with Dick. The latter smoked on in silence for a few minutes, looking his nettled comrade quietly in the face. Then, laying the scant remnant of his cigar on the table, he slowly let down his chair from its dangerous angle.
"Now s'pose we come to biz," said Dick, setting his hat over the other ear, and buttoning one button of his coat.
"I'm agreeable."
"Mought have had it long ago if you hadn't hauled me up so short with your chocolate-colored old pipe," with a comical grimace.
"Did you see Harris?"
"I've got a riddle us whin that's the job I took in," and Dick fastened another button with great dignity. "When you find Dick Darling go back on his jobs you kin git out your mud-scrapers and scratch the bottom for him. I'm one of the kind that kin bear death but not disgrace."
"Yer a blamed long-winded, short-haired, knock-kneed, impudent young son of a ship's monkey," growled Hogan, wrathfully. "And if you don't come to the point soon there'll be a death in the Darling family, without the trouble of your drowning yourself."
Ned Hogan raised his short, sturdy figure from his chair, and laid down his pipe, as if this were the first movement toward putting his threat in execution.
"Thank you. Don't keef if I do, long as my Concher's smoked out," said Dick, quietly picking up the pipe and inserting it between his lips.
"There alters was something 'bout a genuine meerschaum that I liked."
He puffed away in seeming unconsciousness of the wrathful attitude of his companion, who stood as if quite overcome by this sublimity of impudence. Finally, with a short, savage laugh, he sunk again into his chair, exclaiming: "I'll be shot if I don't believe that boy would stop to argy the pint if there was a pile-driver comin' down on his head. Come, Dick, now, what did Harris say?"
"Oh! he wasted a good many parts of speech tryin' to argyfy into me that boys' tongues were only made for ornament; which, in course, didn't stand to reason. He guv me a letter, though, which I guess will come to the heel of it quicker nor I kin."
Dick laid down the pipe, which Hogan made haste to appropriate. Then followed a general unbuttoning and diving into multifarious pockets, with which Dick's apparel seemed plentifully supplied. A general assortment of boys' pocket merchandise adorned one corner of the table as Dick emptied pocket after pocket in his search.
"Well, if it don't beat bugs and butterflies!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "I know I sunk it in one of them pockets; and there ain't a pick-pocket this side of Hong Kong could find a thing after it's once buried in my pockets. Can't find it myself half the time."
"If you've lost it I'll be hanged if I won't grind you into soap-fat!" roared Hogan.
"Wish I'd got it insured. Mought as well made something on it," muttered Dick, as he continued his investigation. "Think I'll take out a policy on everything that goes into my pockets arter this. Mought break up the insurance companies, though."
Dick took off his hat to scratch his head for an idea to help him out of the difficulty, when out dropped the missing letter, falling on the floor at Hogan's feet.
Dick looked down on it with an odd contortion of countenance.
"I'll sell my pet cat, if there ain't some sleight-of-hand about this," he protested, ruefully. "I used old Signor Blitz across time street. Bet he had a hand in puttin' that letter in my hat. Sitch things don't do themselves." Hogan paid little attention to the boy's mut-

terings, as he picked up the letter and tore it open, evidently anxious to learn its contents.
Dick moved to the other side of the table, as if for defense against the gathering storm that showed itself in Hogan's countenance, and stood slyly eying the strongly-marked face of the man, as his eyes ran down the epistle.
There were mutterings and grumblings as of distant thunder, as he continued to read. Finally, with a sudden outburst of wrath, he slapped the letter violently down upon the table, a prodigious oath breaking from his lips like that central peal of the thunder which makes the roof rattle and the dishes dance.
"May I be cantankerously smashed into tin sixpences, if this don't take the biggest rag off the littlest bush that ever I run across!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if you ain't a genius for bizness," shaking his fist at Dick. "Lucky for you that the table's between us, if you think anything of your bones."
"What's wrong?" asked Dick, with childlike innocence of manner.
"What's wrong?" echoed Hogan, loudly. Then, suddenly lowering his voice, he asked: "Can you read?"
"Kin I read?" repeated Dick, indignantly. "Kin a duck swim? Kin a fox eat grapes? I'd be a purty graduate of the No. 1 Keystone primary if I hadn't histed in that much eddication. Wonder if he takes me for a fresh emigrant?"
"Read that, then, and out loud. I want to see how it strikes you."
"What's that?" asked Dick, confidently, buttoning up his coat till he looked like a trussed turkey. "Don't find me goin' back on literature."
He crammed his hat down savagely on his head, spread the sheet of paper before him, shut his right eye and scratched his left ear, as if these were necessary preliminaries to a dipping into literature.
"Filerdelfy, April one, eighteen hundred and—a bloke," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool sell. Kinder looks like it."
"Go on," commanded Hogan, energetically.
"Edward Hogan, Esq. What's Esq?"
"It means 'go on,' does it? All right," said Dick, going on, with sundry interpolations of his own.
Dick was no great success as a reader of manuscript, and it was with many a trip and stumble over the big words, which stood like tall stones in his way, that he made his slow journey down the rugged pathway of the letter.
"Bus-i-ness is bus-i-ness" (wonder if he thinks we want to be told that); "and what is worth doing at all is worth a man doing himself." (That ain't good grammar. Should have said himself.)
Hogan sat listening, with a smile of deep meaning.
"In what high-way or by-way of in-solence you picked up the boy you sent me I'd like to know, for I don't believe that such crooked crab-apples grow in every orchard."
"Now who the dogs ever heard of a crooked crab-apple?" demanded Dick, looking up from the letter.
Hogan made no answer but a grim smile.
"As for in-trust-in any bus-i-ness of im-portance guess big words is sold cheap in his country to such a messenger, I would as soon put my hand in a hornet's nest after honey." (That's fun. Tried it myself once. Kinder 'preciate your feelings there.)
"Blow me if it ain't like pouring water on a duck's back," growled Hogan. "I was fool enough to think there was some shame in the boy."
Dick seated himself before proceeding, leaning back, with his heels on the table, to the great enjoyment of his literary task.
"I asked him to tell me where you were living, and he asked me if I wanted to buy him for a donkey? (Bet he could be bought cheap just

then.) Then I re-quest-ed to know his residence, and was informed that he lived at the corner of Goose and Spruce, next door to Whalebone Alley."
"Don't he write a slashin' hand?" queried Dick, admiringly. "Jist look at that Goose! And he dashes off Whalebone as if it done him good."
"What did you tell him such stuff for?"
"Twernt none of his bizness where I lived."
"He next took occasion to inform me that he was first cousin to General Grant, and nephew to the Emperor of China, and cared no more for my riches than a Newfoundland dog cared for a terrier pup." (That's very well, Mr. Harris, but you ain't put in a word of your own impudence.)
"You seem to enjoy that letter," remarked Hogan, with a grin.
"It's kinder entertaining," continued Dick. "I was next informed, 'that the City I lived in wasn't fit for a respectable bootblack to emigrate to, and that it would do first rate to set up in a corner of a Philadelphia square as a specimen of a one-horse village.'"
"I tell you that fetched little Harris." Dick laughed, as if the recollection was highly agreeable. "He talked a big about the City of Chester, that I couldn't help puttin' in a back-handed slap."
"You seem to have distinguished yourself pretty generally," said Hogan.
"I suppose these are enough if us-trations (don't reckersise the word of his mode of conversation," continued the reader. "I was sily enough to let him go on for an hour. (Don't know how you'd stopped him.) I certainly shall not trust important business to such a messenger. You know where I live, and have not informed me where you live. Come down and see me yourself. Yours truly,"
"H. WILSON HARRIS."
"Short and sweet; with oceans of my impudence, and not a word of his own," and Dick spoke indignantly. "That's just like men. They think boys ain't got no souls."
"You're a high old messenger. You ought to have a premium," said Hogan, sourly. "Do you know anything else?"
"Only that the schooner Lucy flung the hawser on Chester pier last night."
"The devil!" cried Hogan, rising so suddenly as to overturn his chair. "And he leaves the only bit of news worth a picayune to the last!"
He rushed hastily from the room, followed by an irritating laugh from Dick.

CHAPTER II.

THE SINGING LESSON.

HOGAN'S hasty journey was to the telegraph office. Arrived there, however, he was not so hasty in sending his message, but spent full twenty minutes, with the aid of a pocket-dictionary, and a peculiarly cut piece of paste-board, in inditing it.
The clerk looked at it curiously, and then up at Hogan.
"I want this sent just as it reads?"
"Sartin. And maybe you'd better run it over to see if it's writ out plain. Wouldn't do to get one of them words wrong."
"H. Wilson Harris, Chester, Penna," began the clerk.
"Chocolate, cows, corpulent, cucumbers, criminal, carter, cake, can, combine, calico."
"Is that right? Your cypher seems to run to C's. Chocolate, cows, and corpulent cucumbers are queer specimens."
"All correct. Hope it won't run to seed. Push her through, my friend. I expect an answer."
It was half an hour before the answer came. It was couched in the same cypher, which seemed to give Hogan more trouble to read than it had to write.
"Let me see," he muttered, "I told him to

keep a spare eye for the Lucy, and specially for the red-haired mate. I judge this to be: 'I have been watching, but have seen nothing.'—'cran-ber-ry, what's that? Oh! 'suspicious.' 'Seen nothing suspicious.' 'Will keep my—' curtain concert.' 'What the blazes is that?'
Hogan thumbed his book for several minutes, then ejaculated:
"Eyes open!—Keep my eyes open! Hope you will, Harris. I am afearcd, though, you'll have dust thrown in them. Wish I was down there myself, but I've got to pay my compliments to our mutual friend, Harry Spencer."
Hogan had long since left the telegraph office, and was making his way as rapidly as a street-car could carry him to an up-town locality.
Arrived in front of a stylish row of houses on North Eleventh street, he was met, as if by pure chance, by a plainly-dressed man, who had been lounging carelessly on the nearest corner.
"What news?" was Hogan's first remark to this individual.
"All serene. The bird is caged yet. Wish to Heaven he'd show a wing."
"You are too uneasy, Tom. I hope you haven't sold your business?"
"Do you take me for a fool, Ned Hogan?" answered Tom, angrily. "I haven't been shadowing rascals for ten years not to know the first ropes yet. 'Taint for any young fox like this to run to earth under an old hound's nose."
"Been any signs?"
"A rusty-looking lad, that might have been a telegraph boy, went in half an hour ago. He ain't come out since. There was a very bright-faced young lady, too, went in an hour ago. She left just before you came."
"Bet on your having an eye for the ladies, Tom," laughed Hogan. "You can slide now. I'll take up the next watch."
They walked carelessly on together, Hogan filling his favorite meerschaum. He took a long, delighted puff at it, and then said:
"Be on hand at six, if nothing turns up before. I'll smoke him if he shows his nose."
Tom walked on, and Hogan turned on his heel, stationing himself in an indolent attitude against an awning-post, and smoking diligently as his eyes rested on the houses before him.
We will take the privilege of entering the particular house to which his attention was directed.
From the parlor of this rather plainly-furnished residence, a half-hour or so before Hogan took up his watch, there came the tones of a remarkably sweet lady's voice, accompanying the piano, in what seemed more of an exercise than a song.
The tones of the voice vibrated musically throughout the house, and might have stirred the dull ear of the watcher in the street had his soul been sensitive to the influence of music.
There mingled with it now the manly tones of a fine tenor voice, while more vigorous sounds came from the piano.
But we will intrude on this music-lesson, as it seems to be.
The young lady whose voice is so full of bird-like sweetness is a tall, beautiful girl, very stylishly dressed, a light-haired, blue-eyed witch, on whom the eyes of the gentleman are fixed in deep admiration.
He is a very handsome fellow, and has about him that ease and dignity of manner which seem to be the prerogative of culture. He is dressed rather plainly, but wears his clothes with an air that gives them all the effect of stylishness.
"That is well done, very well done," he says, approvingly. "The range of your voice has increased within the last few weeks."
"Do you really think so?" she asked, pleased with his praise.
"Yes; you struck that upper note clearly to-day. Last week you could not sound it."
"It seemed to me as if I must have reached the roof of the house," she returned, laughingly.
"And now I think I must go."
"Oh, no! not yet," and he spoke appealingly. "I wish you to try this new song with me. It is a beautiful thing, and will just suit your voice."
"Love Waits," reading its title, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Something sweetly sentimental, I suppose. What is love waiting for?"
"Heaven knows. If I were a lover, now, I could tell you what I would be waiting for."
"For a smile from the sweetest eyes under the sun," she read, looking intently at the music.
"Let me see them," and laying his hand lightly on her arm, he peered earnestly into her face.
"Oh! no nonsense," she exclaimed, turning quickly away. "You are a mere tease."
"Yet the flush on her face showed that she was not quite displeased."
Without a word he laid the music on the piano, and ran his hand softly over the air.
"Do you think you can catch it? It is easy." "Sing it yourself first. I want to hear the movement."
He sang with a great deal of feeling and power, she listening with a charmed expression as the rich tones of his voice filled the room with music. The song was deeply sentimental, and its fervent meaning thrilled in his voice.
"She is as winsome as the summer rose; Ah! false was he that painted love's eyes blind; The stars are pale when those bright orbs unclose; Love waits no more when love's soft heart grows kind."
His voice lowered and vibrated strangely as he came to these last lines. He seemed to feel deeply the sentiment of the song, and held on to the "Love waits no more" with a fervent insistence that thrilled the heart of his hearer with deep emotion.
He was silent for a moment, the echoes of his voice seeming still to fill the room with music.
"Do you like the song?" he asked, quietly.
"Oh! indifferently," she answered.
"Will you try it now?"
"Not now. I thank you," coolly.
"The lesson is ended, then," shutting down the piano with almost a bang.
"Which lesson?" was her innocently-expressed inquiry, as her bright eyes rested a moment on his face.
"The music-lesson," he replied, rather curtly. "I was not aware that I was teaching any other lesson."
"Ah! true was he that painted love's eyes blind," she sang, with a laughing intonation.

She seized her music and turned toward the door. He stood irresolutely, his face flushed, his foot nervously tapping the floor. "You shall not go till you have told me what you mean," he declared, suddenly taking her hand. "Why, you wished me to sing it a minute ago," with a quick glance. "I hope I caught the sentiment properly." "But your paraphrase? Your change of my words?" "Excuse me. That is one of the things no woman explains," withdrawing her hand resolutely from his grasp. "One moment, Helen; I have dared to think—I have dared to hope—" She stood listening with downcast eyes, and with an undefined expression on her face. She was certainly not deeply displeased. Yet he was not destined to finish his hesitating sentence.

The door near which they stood suddenly opened, and a boy of the most unmitigated boyishness, stepped saucily into the room. It was no other than ragged, independent Dick Darling.

"Excuse me," he said, with a meaning glance from one to the other of the pair upon whom he had intruded. "S'pose maybe if I was to call ag'in, it might be more agreeable. I'll retire to a sofa in the parlor till you get through."

"Stay where you are, you wicked young rascal," cried Mr. Spencer, laughing in spite of his chagrin. "Shall I see you to the door, Miss Andrews?"

"Don't you mind me," suggested Dick, reassuringly. "I never peach, no matter what signs I see."

He seated himself on the piano-stool as they left the room. "I'll be shot if they wasn't making love! I swear, if I ever see'd sich fun!" a broad smile breaking over his face, as he brought his hand down for an emphatic slap upon his knee.

It fell, however, on the bank of keys of the piano, yielding such a clash of sound that the boy made a startled movement backward. The result was an overturning of the piano-stool, and a helpless rolling of Dick over and over upon the carpet.

"I wonder what blamed kind of nitro-glycerine he keeps in that mahogany box!" he muttered, as he cautiously picked himself up. "If it often goes off that way it's what I should call a concealed deadly weapon. An' that's ag'in' the law."

Dick eyed it askance, as if not quite satisfied with its propensity. "There he goes. In mischief before he is in the house five minutes," declared Mr. Spencer, as he paused near the front door at the sudden uproar in the parlor.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Andrews. "Oh! a young gentleman who has deigned to take me under his care, and who calls on me at the most inconvenient moments—rags and all."

"He is ragged enough," she admitted, with a shrug. "But I am intruding on your time." Her voice was lowered in tone, as she stood a moment, her hand on the door-knob, as if hesitating to open.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked. "Oh! this week-day, I presume; if nothing happens."

"Then, may nothing happen," he returned, with a deep meaning in his voice. "Love waits for me our next lesson."

"Love waits no more," she sang, with a rosy aspect, as she quickly opened the door. "Good-day," and she tripped hastily into the street.

His face had a very happy look, as he turned back from the door. "I would have liked to annihilate the boy, though," he muttered.

When he entered the room Dick was standing in the middle of the floor, looking defiantly at the offending piano.

"What do you call that critter?" he asked, pointing to the instrument. "That's a piano."

"Oh! that's a pianer, is it? Does it often go off?" "It is a little dangerous to boys, sometimes," admitted Mr. Spencer, running his fingers lightly over the keys.

Dick listened, with a pleased ear, to the rich tones of the instrument. "S'pose I didn't know it was bottled-up music. Got many tunes in it? Let's hear 'Hail Columbia.'"

Mr. Spencer ran over the air requested, to the infinite delight of his hearer. "Well, that beats a hand-organ holler—money and all!"

And now I want to know what made you bolt into this room without an invitation?" demanded Mr. Spencer.

"You ought to post your kitchen gals better. She told me you was here. I took that for invitation enough."

"In future you would do best to knock before entering my private room. What brings you here to-day?" He spoke a little impatiently.

"S'pose I knowed you was in here sparking that pretty gal?" and Dick buttoned his coat defiantly. "Couldn't have dragged me in with a yoke of oxen if I'd knowned it."

"She's a pupil of mine, Dick. I was giving her a singing-lesson."

"Oh! a singin'-lesson?" said Dick, with an incredulous wink. "Hope she likes singin'-lessons."

"What do you want, boy? I have no time to spare."

"Come here to-day to tell you your fortune."

"I guess I will excuse you that duty, then," with a smile. "I have no fortune to tell."

"More than you think, maybe. Give me your hand."

Mr. Spencer extended his hand to the boy, who took it in his own soiled palm. "The lines don't come out clear," he muttered, after poring over it. "Maybe you'd best cross it with silver."

Mr. Spencer laid a piece of silver in his open palm. "That helps it amazingly," said Dick, as he quietly pocketed the coin. "Tell you what, there's fun here, and there's danger. Here's a light-haired lady gettin' into the house of love—and here comes a marriage with three bridesmaids."

"Drop that, Dick," and Mr. Spencer attempted to withdraw his hand.

"All right!" said Dick, going to the front window, and looking out into the street. "Is there an easy back way out of your house?"

"Yes. Why?" "Cause there's eyes in the front mustn't see me, that's all. Do you know that this palatial mansion is shaddered?"

"Shaddered! What is that?" "Watched," explained Dick, mysteriously. "There's eyes on you that you won't easy fling off. Can't tell no more, but just you beware."

His voice had grown very low and mysterious. "And whatever turns up don't use my name."

"All right," said Mr. Spencer, laughing. "I will be faithful to you to the death; and will avoid all red-headed men. This way, Dick."

In a few minutes more Dick was treading his way through back alleys, out of that neighborhood. In a very short time after, Mr. Spencer left the house, and walked quickly down the street.

He cast a sharp glance around, but saw nothing more suspicious than a thickest man leaning against a post, and smoking a meerschaum.

CHAPTER III.

DICK GOES INTO BUSINESS.

Two gentlemen were seated in earnest conversation near the front window of a hotel room overlooking Arch street, Philadelphia.

One of them, a large, full-faced man, sat with his feet on the window-sill, in a remarkably easy attitude. The other was a small, delicate-framed man, who seemed to be greatly annoyed by some circumstance.

"Do you know, my dear boy, that we have so far been bamboozled? That's just the word for it—bamboozled," remarked the large man, with an ease that was not shared by his companion.

"A new ten-dollar issue on the market. The Pawkusset bank. It's deuced provoking," declared the small man. "And after six months' work we haven't the shadow of a clue."

"It will come. It will come," protested the other, easily. "We have set things working, you know."

"Working against us, I fear," was the bitter reply. "We have just put them on their guard. The mystery grows deeper every move we make."

"Not a bit, my lad," declared the large man, unconcernedly. "We knew nothing then, and we know no more now. That is what I call *statu quo*. We will strike daylight yet, don't fear that."

"Well, if you ain't the confoundest, easiest-going, most unsatisfactory specimen of a private detective that I ever ran across then I'll sell out," cried the small man, impatiently. "I believe if an earthquake were to rattle the house to pieces it wouldn't get a shake out of you."

"I don't know," was the quiet rejoinder. "The chills and fever tried it once. I was harder to shake than it was, though, so I shook it off. But, what is the good of worrying? You can't butter your parsnips by grumbling at your ill luck."

"I have never been so long in the dark in any case I ever took on in my life," said the testy gentleman. "And we are looked to do something. Here is a gang of counterfeiters flooding the country with bad money under the very noses of the Government detectives. There is not a month but that some new issue comes out. And it is no bungling work, I tell you. They are first-rate mechanics, and the keenest fellows I ever saw at hiding their trail and burrowing their claws into the most secret Service."

"Every dog has his day," declared the other, in his easy manner. "Let them alone. Give them rope. They will hang themselves yet. We have made ourselves somewhat too visible. We had better get back into the shadow and hide our hands. It sometimes pays to take to earth and only use your eyes."

"Yes, and let Pinkerton's men step in and take the game out of our bag," was the impatient reply. "I know they have scouts out. How would it sound to say that Will Frazer and Jack Bounce, the noted Secret Service officers, worked for half a year on a blind trail and then let themselves be pinked by Pinkerton. I shouldn't like to see that in print."

"Well, Jack Bounce, for one, don't care a fig," replied the large man, indolently shifting his feet. "If it comes to a free race between the detectives the devil take the hindmost, that's my programme. But when I trouble myself about anything less than a hundred thousand for dinner, or such like capital crimes, you can tell me of it."

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Before he had got half through Jack Bounce's feet were on the floor, and he was eying his comrade steadily.

"I didn't know that you valued ten dollars so highly."

"You know it wasn't the dollars," was the vexed response. "You were out of temper with me, and haven't got back to it yet; or you wouldn't have let that boy off so easily."

"You think, then, that he hadn't smelt my business?" "I know you are not a fool. It don't do to shut any door in our own faces. You can take my word for it that it was not from you that the boy learned all that. He may have had the very clue that has been baffling us. I should like to see him."

"I think I should know him again," with a humility that showed that he felt the force of this reproach.

"Then you had best keep your eyes open for him," declared Jack, in decided accents. "That spring must be pumped dry."

"I'm not in that line of business," was the reply. "There he is now!" he cried.

"And sees you," added Jack. "See, he is coming into the hotel. He has not given it up yet."

"Had I best go down and look him up?" "Wait, wait," ordered Jack. "You will never learn the virtues of waiting. If he knows us he will find us."

"Well, I wash my hands of the young villain. You can manage him."

A few minutes passed in silent waiting. Then Jack Bounce's policy was confirmed by a loud knock at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, resuming his easy attitude.

The door opened and in walked Dick Darling, his coat, as usual, dragging at his heels, and his face innocent of fresh water.

"Morning, gentlemen!" "Come here, boy, and let's have a good look at you," called out Jack. "Was that coat made to order?"

"I dunno that I'm playin' side-show for a circus," retorted Dick, sturdily. "An' if you don't like my ulster maybe you'd buy it at half-price and give me another."

"I'm not in that line of business," laughing. "Come up here so I can see you. What is your name?"

"Dick Darling, or Darling Dick. I'm called both ways."

"What do you do for a living?" "Anything that's honest and easy. I'll black your boots, if you want, hold your horses, carry your bundles, or most anything else."

"And what are you after to-day?" "Dick's reply was to help himself to a chair, and to establish himself in the exact attitude of his questioner, with his feet on an adjoining window, and his chair tilted back.

"Can talk bizness a good deal better when I'm comfortable," he explained. "Don't pay to wait for invitations nowadays."

"Well, if he ain't cool enough to freeze hot water, I'll sell out," was Frazer's expressed opinion.

"Now out with it, Dick," commanded Jack Bounce, in an amused tone. "What business have you in hand to-day?"

"I've got up all retail lines. I'm arter that set of counterfeits that's making things howl in the money market, and that's laughin' in their sleeves at Pinkerton's and the Secret Service."

"What do you know about it?" asked Bounce, his eye falling to the floor in his surprise.

"I know that Will Frazer and Jack Bounce, two of Uncle Sam's best men, have been smellin' round for months, and haven't found a bad egg in the basket yet. I know that Ned Hogan and his pals think they've got a scent, which won't work up in time. And, finally, I've got a stupid notion in my head that I see an openin' into the den of rascals."

"Ah! and what is your opening?" "I wish you'd take a close look at my eyes, Mr. Jack Bounce, and see the color of them. If you find any green there then buy me cheap, that's all."

"Which means that you don't intend to tell me what you mean?" "Which means," answered Dick, "that I'm on the make. I know there's money in this. I'm for my sheer, that's all. Don't calculate to spend my life carting around an ulster that don't fit. I'm in for makin' my fortune, and goin' into fashion, and sich."

"What do you think of this fellow, Will?" asked Bounce, turning to his companion.

"I think he will never die from impudence striking in," Will answered. "He's took it, like the small-pox, on the surface."

"Maybe you and me can cry quits," retorted Dick, definitely. "You took me for a sell yesterday; but I've a notion you sold yourself. Now I'll give Mr. Bounce his chance. If he don't take—why, me and Ned Hogan knows one another; that's a word to the wise."

"If you want, Dick," asked Bounce, in a tone of amusement.

"I want ten dollars now, to begin on. And I want to be let alone. Them's two things. I won't promise that'll be my last draw. It takes rhino to push these jobs through. If I have to shut up my office, I've got to be floated awhile in cash."

"Where is your office, Dick?" "The last one I opened was on a toadstool seat in Independence Square," confessed Dick, with unusual gravity. "Maybe I can't get through this small matter of bizness. I'm feared, though, it'll be hard to collect the rent."

"And what is our security for our ten dollars?" "My face," looking Jack squarely in the eye. "If you can't see ten dollars' worth of honesty there, then we'll cry quits."

Dick rose from his chair and began buttoning his coat, his habitual action when he meant business.

"I can't see you'll be sheer and sheer alike, in rewards, profits, and sich," he added, pausing a moment. "Do you take? If you do, fork over the needful. If you don't, why, don't be long about sayin' it."

"At the point, Dick, eh?" said Jack, laughing. "Come, my lad, I shouldn't wonder if you did smell a rat somewhere. Guess I won't mind riskin' a ten on your personal security."

He took a bank-note from his pocket-book, and handed it to the boy in his easy, careless manner.

Dick examined it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Well, do you think it crooked, eh?" "That's maybe it, but it's one of the new edition," said Dick, honestly. "I don't trust detectives too far; and you're a bit green to trust a street vagrant like me."

Jack Bounce laughed heartily with an amusement which was not shared by his companion.

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here to do the thinkin'. What do you want for this old rag, now?"

"Dick had on a coat the very reverse of the one he usually wore. The tails reached but little beyond his waist, and it looked like a roundabout which had undergone a partial process of development into a frock-coat."

"Rag!" screamed the Hebrew. "If he ain't the funniest fellow. Best French cloth, and very little worn, and to call it a rag! Why, just look at that gloss! And it is the latest style."

"Yes, I see that gloss," was Dick's curt answer. "Looks as if the owner had spent his time polishin' lamp-posts. Can't say that I keep much for style."

Dick had dislocated his neck trying to twist his head around to get an idea of the set of the coat in the back.

"Come here. This way. To the glass," suggested the Jew, hustling Dick eagerly before a very small square of mirror.

"How much is a fellow s'pected to see of hisself in that big ass?" asked Dick, impatiently after vainly endeavoring to see from his waist to his shoulder.

"Let me hold it for you," said the Jew, eagerly. "It's a beautiful fit—beautiful! See how smooth it sets in the back. Such an elegant fit."

Dick got his head round over his left shoulder, but failed to see the wrinkles which the Jew was industriously smoothing out.

"Mought pass if the price was agree'ble. What's the plunder?"

"That coat ought to bring not a penny less than ten dollars, and dog-cheap at that, for such a piece of cloth."

"Cheap at that, eh? What price mought it be dear at?" asked Dick, sarcastically.

The Jew held up his hands with a sickly smile.

"Well, if he ain't a droll one!" he exclaimed. "Take a squint at that bit of broadcloth, Solomon, and Dick picked up his own old coat."

"Jest look at that elegant garment. Observe the buttonholes, and the nap. Git your optical organs on the style. See here, Sol, I'll make a trade with you. What'll you give to boot?"

"Don't run that coat down now. It's stuck by me through sun and rain. You mought be glad to git a faithful old piece of broadcloth like that. If only wants some scurvin', and a stitch or two."

The Jew examined it all over with the eye of an artist.

"Give me five dollars, and I'll trade," he said, at length.

"Guv you five'dimonds?" answered Dick, contemptuously. "Make it even up and I'm your man; and you've got a dead bargain."

"What's that?" asked the Jew. "Maybe I can't get through this small matter of bizness. I'm feared, though, it'll be hard to collect the rent."

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ous object of his pursuit. He turned at length into an unoccupied by-street, through which he more slowly proceeded.

Near the further end of the street he entered a narrow alley, Dick hurrying up lest he should lose sight of his prey.

What was his astonishment, however, on arriving opposite the alley, to find himself in a tight grasp, and the face of the gentleman looking sternly down on him.

"Look here, boy, were you ever well kicked?" asked the gentleman.

"Never by a jackass," replied Dick, saucily, striving in vain to wrench himself loose.

"You young villain! You've followed me now from Chestnut street. If I am not mistaken you were in the store where I got my paper. What you see of the Lord's only knows, but I catch your dirty face at my heels a square further I'll leave you in a condition to be carried home on a shutter." And looking Dick with a contemptuous shove, the gentleman walked on.

"Look here, mister," called Dick, after him, "how many of the streets 'bout these diggin's mought you own?"

"What do you mean, sirrah?" was the angry reply.

"Only thought maybe you might rent me enough for a boy of my size to get through. Seems somehow a feller's got to ask you what streets he kin go through."

The gentleman walked on, without answering this home thrust.

"Bet I had him there," thought Dick. "That's as good a sell as I got on old Sol. Wonder what rent he'd take for a foot or so of pavement." The joke seemed so good that he broke into a loud laugh, slapping his knee heartily in its enjoyment.

A most unexpected result occurred. A sound of ripping cloth was heard, and the new coat split in the back from shoulder to waist.

It was a most rueful face that Dick wore when he put his hand back and discovered the nature and extent of the accident.

"I'll be fiddled for a salt mackerel if old Sol didn't sell me, after all!" he ejaculated. "Guess I'd best go back, like a blamed young fool, and trade even up for my old ulster."

Recollection of his pursuit, returning Dick looked up quickly. The gentleman had disappeared. He ran hastily to the next corner. In vain; there was no such person anywhere in sight.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNGERING HEART.

BY MARY REED.



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BY SEELEY REGENER.

AUTHOR OF THE "DEAD LETTER," ETC.

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HIGH DRAMATIC ACTION.

filled to the brim with a passion that electrifies and holds the reader enchained, and in story proper is of enthralling interest and mystery. In this day of rapid writing and artificial sentimentalism, it is a great treat and relief to come upon a work so thoroughly embodying all the

The Best Elements of a Great Story, and readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL may be congratulated on the treat in store for them.

In Mr. Whittaker's "Schamyl," now running on our 8th page, the reader has one of the finest stories of the year. Half fact and half fiction, it so mingles them as to make the narrative vividly real and interesting, presenting Russian and Cossack life, language, manners and system of government in a peculiarly strong light. The Secret Spy System of the Czar is revealed in almost startling relief, and when we say that the revelation is almost literally the fact, readers will see how much actual information is given in the disguise of a romance. The story, as such, will of course greatly delight all classes of readers, but its merit as a veracious chronicle will give it more than a passing interest and value.

Sunshine Papers.

Where and What?

VACATION days are come; where are you going and what are you going to do? Important questions are these just now, and many are the minds they are agitating.

The boys and girls are bidding adieu to teachers—without a sign of sorrow; teachers are dismissing scholars for the long vacation—and with joyful visage. The collegian and the professor fling cares and studies to the winds and go their roads to rest and pleasure. The clergyman turns the key on his study and his back on his labor, and refreshes himself with a few weeks of travel. The man of business shuts up his ledger and glances over his balance-sheet, and takes his family to some large hotel. The belle and the beau pack their trunks and flee to Long Branch and Saratoga, to lay snares for each other. But where are all the clerks and the school-girls, the youths and the maidens, going? How are they to spend the long summer days?

The mountains push their heads into the blue ether, and the clouds cling about them in ever-changing and marvelous beauty; the forests lie cool and fragrant upon their sides, full of insect music, and trail of bird, and trail of beast, and treasure of vegetable life; the streams leap and laugh, and sparkle and bubble, down rocky chasms, and fling great sheets of foam into somber abysses; the valleys lie verdant and smiling under the kiss of the sun, and the acres of tossing shadows; the lakes flash and shimmer, and woo their lovers to sail and sport; the ocean ebbs and flows upon the white sands and fills the atmosphere with elixir of fresh, invigorating life; the farm nestles among its ancient trees, and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers of its garden fling banners of glory and streams of incense upon the fervid air, and the fields and the fruits ripen in the sun.

Wherever the footsteps turn, beauty and freshness and the golden glory of the summer time await them. But stay away from crowded hotels and haunts of fashion and folly, if you would appreciate the summer's glory, and gain rest, and pleasure, and profit through the length of its days. Get up in the dewy coolness of the mornings and hunt the woods for blossoms and the fields for fruit. Rob the gardens of flowers and fill all the house and adorn the tables with damp sweet clusters of blooms. Put the saddle upon the horse and dash along some quiet road, or seldom-traveled lane, and see what charming bits of landscape await your discovery. Harness up the team and coax all the family to crowd in upon the hay-covered floor of the wagon, and drive to some pretty stretch of woodland, or some shady meadow, by the water-side, and spend a care-free day, gazing; build your own fire, and make your coffee or tea, and boil eggs, and roast potatoes in the ashes, and let these be books and bean-bags, balls and croquet to occupy the time. Help grandpa make his hay,

and drink cider and eat cake for lunch, and sit under the trees at noon, to eat a regular picnic dinner.

Why, half the people who go to the country on a vacation, or to spend the summer, and half the people who always live in the country, do not know anything about enjoyment. How much fun it would be to teach the good old farmers and their dear, bustling, care-oppressed wives that life may be very much mixed with pure pleasures, and rests, and yet matters go quite as smoothly.

And how nice it would be if young ladies would learn the advantage of loose, short suits of flannel for summer use and could be induced to climb in the barns, and help take care of the horses, and cultivate flowers, and engage in harvesting and berrying, and take parts in base-ball nines, with their brothers and cousins, and row, and ride, and walk ten miles or so a day.

Why, girls, if you once learned the fascinations of such a life, what glorious summers you would spend, and how healthy and handsome you would grow!

And for the young men who have but a few days to spend in pleasuring, there can be nothing more delightful than a walking tour through some of the wild beautiful counties of their native States. Ten, fifteen, or twenty miles a day of walking, resting under the hedges, stopping for a cooling drink at some wayside farm, and eating at village inns, is one of the most pleasurable of vacation experiences; and when sisters and sweethearts can be induced to join these tourists, America may hope for a braver and nobler and fairer race of daughters.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER?

WOULDN'T it be better if many persons would utter but half their sentences—break right in the middle of them? How good an opinion of the persons we have when we hear them utter a sentence something like the following: "Edgar G. is a good fellow, open-hearted and generous to a fault—one of the best friends to the poor in the community—always ready and willing to help a fellow who is going down hill—never anxious to push the fellow, but to extend a helping hand and guide him to the summit."

Yet how sad we feel when the narrator continues with: "But I fear if he continues to drink, he will not be long with us." It is sad to have a sentence that commenced so pleasantly end so sadly. Yes, as sad as to think that one who has so many virtues should have so bad a vice—a life that began so pleasantly to have so sad an end.

Another says: "What a good and noble life Mrs. A. would live—so full of compassion and good deeds, self-sacrificing to the utmost, so anxious to relieve the suffering of others, and whose purse is ever open to the unfortunate—if (that mischievous "if") she was not so prone to boast of her good deeds, for, though her charity benefits others, she spoils the beauty of it by boasting of the same." That is what I mean by breaking off in the middle of the sentence before one comes to the "if" and "but."

Wouldn't it be better to do good deeds instead of making an ostentatious display? I'll tell you what put such an idea in my head. I was reading, not long since, that when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, a grand and gorgeous display of fireworks was given in honor of the event—one piece alone costing twenty thousand dollars! Why that extravagance! To impress people with the greatness of the queen and the liberality of the people! Wouldn't it have shown the liberality of the people more if the money were bestowed on the sick and suffering all around them? That one piece would have kept hundreds from starving. The beauty of the fireworks lasted but a few moments, but the amount laid out on it—worthily bestowed—would keep the wolf from the door of many a home, for many and many a week. Good deeds last longer in one's memory than ostentatious display. That's what I think. But maybe I am odd. Please—as the children say—won't you be odd and think so, too?

Wouldn't it be better for betrothed parties to be more careful, more thoughtful of themselves, and look a little bit into the future ere they assume the cares of married life? Would it not save much heartbreak and untold misery? Adrian tells Bella that, when they are married, he will leave off drinking, and she, so much in love, believes him, and thinks her influence will be the means of reforming him. Why wait until they are married? Why not lay the axe to the root, and cut off the evil at once? It has always seemed to me that if a man will not cast away his bad habits and vices before marriage, he is not inclined to do it afterward. I think my statement can be verified by cases brought to one's notice every day. A young girl is somewhat inexperienced in the ways of the world; she looks upon her lover as her ideal of perfection, and she trusts implicitly to his word, and believes he will give up drinking after the nuptial knot is tied. I don't say he deceives her as to his promise, for, perhaps, he believes he will keep it; but if he does not, how sad is the result! He, a poor inebriate, and she, a sad, heart-sick drunkard's wife! A life more sad than the angels of heaven never looked down upon. If angels weep, surely they would shed tears over these wrecked and wretched lives.

Wouldn't it be better to live at peace than be at war with every one? Not to cast aside the old friend for the new, not to trust too much to one who strives to prejudice your life-long friend against you. Trust him who has proved himself true and loyal to you, and not one who, by praising you and puffing what you do, makes you think less of him who made you what you are. If we could but look into the heart, as the great Father of us all can do, we could soon detect the true from the false, and we would then see who were our staunch friends and who the bitter enemies. But as we cannot, we must trust to our judgment, and it should show us that deeds and not words prove the worth of our fellow-men.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Hullen's Babies.

THERE are eight of them; Pus is one year old, Bob is two, Sal is three, Bill will soon be four, Jake is nearly five, Dick is six and the twins Bob and Sam are seven. You can always tell which is the oldest by looking at them, but you can't tell which is which without you scrape them. They are very cleanly in their habits—of cleaning vitals off the table—and when they are washed it is difficult for them to tell their own names. The twins can't tell themselves apart, and often Bob eats his own pie and Sam's too, so mixed do things

get between them, but I don't think that Bob ever got a licking for Sam from the fact that none of them ever got licked at all. I won't swear that they never needed it in their innocent youthfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

Their mother can always stop their crying—for awhile—by giving them cake; unlike any other children they are fond of it. It is fun to look into the room through the keyhole and get pepper blown into your eyes, or push the door slightly ajar and listen to their wise old sayings, and have the door suddenly slammed to before you can get your ear out.

I occasionally call to spend an idle hour with these dear children, which I do very pleasantly. First the sweet little baby I must take from the nurse and trot it on my knee for the purpose of making it stop crying just a little. The harder I trot it the less it don't stop, though how it could cry then, under such jolting circumstances, I can't see. The dear little thing affectionately slobbers all over his old uncle's shirt-bosom, and gets its fingers, about a hundred of them, so dextrously tangled up in my gray beard that I can't extricate them, and by the skillful aid of the family they are finally released, and the loose whiskers are swept up and emptied out of the back window.

I look around and see Bob, aged two, with his feet in his silk hat, sitting on the rim and hammering the sides with all his might and a club; or perhaps I will notice Jack standing on top of the hat making one of those highly intelligent and precocious speeches like "Mary-ah at little am" or "Mother can I go out to swim?"

How they dearly love to gambol with that hat! If I had fifty hats they would like to play with them all, and would, too, as long as they lasted.

When the whole eight (they were born to be sailors—or monkeys) climb all over me at once, with one perhaps sitting on top of my bald head, making interesting remarks about the same, and two or three feeling in my pockets for chance pennies, and one with my watch out, diligently breaking the crystal and bending the hands clear back to day before yesterday, and another cutting the buttons off my waistcoat, and one or two riding on my neck, somehow, I feel like Gulliver when he woke up and found the Lilliputians had possession of him, and then I yawn and shed the whole eight—a pastime I greatly enjoy.

What splendid prize-fighters Bob and Dick will eventually make when they come to develop their muscular powers! For five cents they will begin with the greatest science to pound each other's mugs in a way which pleases me to see, using the intellectual slang of the prize-ring, while Jake stands as umpire, holding the sponge, and occasionally wiping the boys' noses—which greatly need it in a natural way.

Mrs. Whiffles was visiting there the other day in her elegant new silk, and while greatly absorbed in praising up the children, the precocious little Sal was behind her chair whacking her dress with the scissors, and when she was discovered and gently chided she said: "Mam, you told me I must learn to cut dresses, and I was just beginning."

At the table yesterday when Mrs. Jones was present and the happy mother was conventionally apologizing over the scarcity of the victuals on the table, the talented Bill said: "Why, mam, you said you'd have to put all you've got on, for Mrs. Jones eats like a sausage-mill, if she has got false teeth."

The butcher was there one day and asked them "if they liked to be good?"

"No, sir," said each, trying to speak first.

"Why don't you like to be good?"

"Because we don't have any fun."

"Well, my little folks, is fun all you live for?" asked the parson, sedately, frowning.

"Oh, no, fun and preserves!"

When Miss Anna Pestic, a country relative of the family and a poetess, went there for rest, and to gather inspiration from the smart babies, she only went to stay all summer, and a young man by the name of Bluggs fell in love with her poetry and pretty soon with the poetess also. As his business kept him away in the daytime he was only there at night, and the babies kept them from getting too lonesome. He was a very modest youth, and on one of the first nights was led to blush by inadvertently asking if those children were hers. One evening Bluggs was invited there to tea, and was modest and not very hungry. The babies were in their accustomed places at the first table. Dick was noticed to nudge Sam, and Sam would nudge Dick, and both would grin. By and by, the father of Hullen's Babies inquired the cause of all that childlike humorsness.

Dick swallowed the mouthful of meat, and when he got done choking, said:

"I know suthin'."

"Yes, my darling young hopeless, you know a great deal; but what do you know in particular?"

"Well, pap, I was behind the front door last night, when Mr. Bluggs left, and they didn't know it, and Mr. B. said to Ana he was afraid he wouldn't get to see her till the next night, and wouldn't she give him a kiss, and he'd wear it in his vest-pocket, and she puckered up her lips like she was going to spit on him, and he kissed her, and he licked his lips like there was molasses on 'em, and said it was good."

Miss Ana bestowed an affectionate look on the boy, and left the room in a whirlwind. Mr. Bluggs didn't know what to do, so he upset his tea and dived through the door—he would have gone through the keyhole if the door had been locked. He staid away two mortal nights before he went back.

It got to be no common matter for Bluggs to reach under the sofa when he went there and fetch out one or two boys by the heels; or the whole of the babies would be climbing over him, helping him to be happy, but never unless their hands and faces had one or two coats of apple-butter. Finally the babies made him like to go there so bad that he staid away altogether; and Ana went into a decline—and the country.

One Sunday, when the family had gone to church, Jake got the scissors and shingled all the curls off Sal's head, and tying them on a stick, made one of the nicest little chair-dusters in the world, and when the astonished parents came home they were so mortified that they positively refused to allow him to play in the mud for a whole week, which nearly killed him.

Whenever I leave those extraordinary children, and thoughtfully wend my way home, and proceed to take off those pieces of rags, which, in their youthful exuberance they attach to my coat-tails, with matter of fact phlegm, I say to my wife:

"There never were any children like Hullen's babies; they are really valuable enough to take to the taxidermist, and get them stuffed." And my wife looks over her spectacles, and says: "That is pretty much so, Washington."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Seasonable Dress Notes.

FOR children nothing is prettier than barege dresses, and many of the French styles are surprisingly handsome and novel.

Very many costumes of white barege this season have been trimmed with silk hands supplemented with lace or fringe, and others have been seen with ball fringe. The latter, however, is rather heavy, and is not ornamental.

The colored bareges are pretty for day dresses, and in some of the light tints are beautiful for evening wear. The rose, pale tea-color and light green make up beautifully in combination with white or ecru, with two different shades of the same color.

After barege, the pretty grenadines are sought for, and in this material there are so many varieties that it is simply impossible to describe them. The plain qualities are in all colors, and the fancy patterns are more suitable as overdresses for silk skirts than they are for entire costumes. Many of the black ones are trimmed with bright colors, such as green, blue, mandarin, or red silk, and are as handsome as they can be made.

Crepe de chine is the most beautiful material in the market for summer dresses of an exceptionally handsome quality. They are usually combined with silk, and are elaborately trimmed with lace, fringe or silk.

In lighter goods are all the family of muslins, from the coarse, checked qualities for home wear to the sheerest, richest India muslins, organdies and lawns, that cost considerable but which make up exquisitely. When not over-trimmed, no dress is more elegant than one of this kind.

In solid colored lawns there are many pretty patterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of dress was introduced.

In fine fabrics of ivory white, tulle, and other pale hues, there is a new challie gauze, soft in texture, and admirable for draping. In thicker materials there is the new froule cashmere in all the fashionable shades; it is light and soft and makes up well, as it hangs in graceful folds without any stiffness.

In colored organdies there are some of the handsomest figures ever exhibited. They are marvels of artistic taste, and are in exquisite color combinations. Palest rose grounds half-blown moss buds and dainty, small buds, all over covered with green moss, strewn all over them; and others, of soft cream hue, are so dotted over with forget-me-nots that it is bewildering to look at the little flowers with any thought of deciding their position on the ground of the goods. Larger patterns have sprays of lily of the valley clustered over them, and one pattern, royally handsome for a tall brunette, was of cream color with sheaves of wheat thrown over it.

In making up bareges care should be used to select trimming that will lighten the effect rather than add to its somberness, and buttons, which have been used somewhat on them, produce the latter effect. For dresses that are to be worn on ordinary occasions self-trimmings are preferred, and the ingenuity of the modistes can decide how to arrange the quilting or ruffles to the best advantage. Barege is a becoming material to most persons, adding, by its soft, clinging grace, to the beauty of the face as well as to the figure.

Of fancy materials of all kinds there is no end, and those who find new dresses an imperative necessity can have endless choice. Foremost among these goods, suitable for washing, are the fine suitings of cream grounds, covered with thin lines and dashes of dark red, blue or black. They are light, and the effect is that of neiguisse cloth. Then there are dark blue, green and brown cambrics, striped with thick and thin lines of contrasting color, exact imitations, in style, of the costly twilled silks worn during the winter. Other dark cambrics are striped with Persian patterns. Basket-woven linens and damask linens are also in many attractive colors.

Among all the goods in the market for Summer dresses the finer brands of white barege give the most satisfaction for general wear. They are not easily injured by dampness or rain, are strong and resist rough usage, and are dressy enough when richly trimmed, to be worn on the most select occasions. They have this advantage over grenadine, that they do not crush and wrinkle at all, and their other crepe de chine is too expensive for the generality of women to buy it. Almost every woman can have a barege, and it is taken for granted that if one is purchased it will be white. They are not pure white, but a rich cream, and can be made to assume a yet deeper tint by a lining of cream colored cambric or cotton. The demand for cream color is greater than ever this season, and for this color ecru-lace is the ornamentation. If dresses are made in the Breton style they are usually trimmed with embroidered bands. If for evening wear, then the bands are always handsome in white patterns; if for dinner or reception wear, the colored bands are suitable.

Topics of the Time.

Seventy-six thousand ordinary and 249 political offenders are undergoing penal servitude in Western Siberia.

The Cincinnati Commercial looks upon ice-water as the most deadly drink of the day, and it suggests a crusade.

The captain of a Canadian steamer has been arrested on the charge of desecrating the Sabbath, by using his boat for an excursion trip.

It has been demonstrated that for all telegraphic purposes the English language is from 35 to 38 per cent cheaper than the French, German, or any other language.

A Pittsburg court has decided that a city ordinance prohibiting the employment of "waiter girls" in saloons is too general in its terms, and illegal for the reason that councils have no right to restrict the employment of women.

It is claimed that the branch mint in San Francisco has coined in the year last closing more than was ever coined in one year by any other mint in the world. The amount was: \$82,552,500; silver, \$13,540,000; total \$96,092,500.

It is stated from Vienna that a man named Bernik, a groom of an aristocratic house, during a fit of religious fervor nailed both his feet and his left hand to the floor of his bedroom, and then with his knife cut his left side open. During the entire operation he gave no sign of pain.

The custom in Eastern Turkey is to remove the boots and shoes on entering church. An American saw at Anit, Turkey, 1,200 boots and shoes at the door of the church, presenting a very curious sight. The men go in barefoot, but keep their hats on.

The King of Sweden is a very fine linguist—talks English, French, German and Italian fluently and with elegance. While yet Crown Prince he sent in a metrical rendering into Swedish of *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, signed only with a motto, to a literary society of Stockholm, and carried off the laurel of victory from all competitors. He is studious, simple, and much liked.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Hungering Heart," "Farewell," "Be Kind," "Pray," "A New Wonder," "The Best of Three," "Nora Percy's Adventure," "Going into a Decline."

Declined: "His May Rose," "My Jewel," "Murder Will Out," "Over the Fence," "A Stupid Mistake," "Many a Slip," "The Lost Steamer," "Book," "A Beam of My Eye," "Catching the Dog-Home," "The Talented Tramp."

H. E. W. Use larger paper and write more plainly. CHARLEY W. We do not care for the "speeches." J. C. C. Poem rather crude, though sentiment is good.

Mrs. C. M. A. MS. good enough for use, but we cannot find room for it.

HERMAN. Sketch very good but declined—having already quite a surfeit of its class of story.

OLIVE and BLANCH. We have, since answering your former query, learned that "Kismet" is the Mohammedan exclamation signifying "It is Fate."

A. H. S. Ask your theatrical question of the N. Y. Clipper. It makes the coming and goings of actors and sporting men a specialty. Whether worsted or chenille fringe is to be the style this fall no one can yet say—Don't know what became of Harry Richmond.

ST. LOUIS. Cancers are not "incurable" if taken in hand and cut out to the right spot early in their development. If allowed to develop they are "dangerous." Each poet named is at it in his way. Byron undoubtedly had most genius and finest power of expression.

KITTY ATHERTON. The nervous sickness will wear off with a little experience before an audience. It is not uncommon. Temporarily use tincture of valerian; for the real sickness and spasms, a little camphor in water. But the best medicine is to learn to face an audience. You write a very neat, proper note.

KASOXY. West Point is yearly turning out more graduates than can be given lieutenancies in the army. Of the graduating class this year, seventy-two in number, over one-half will have to await orders. A few years ago peace and our army, a peace footing, will give the country a plentiful supply of "West Pointers" without a command.

MAINE. Heavy embossed silver rings are worn by our most stylish belles. One said given for "Ten gives a unique contrast to the gold and gems of the other rings. That is what it is for. Wear on the second, or large finger." A hand looks all the prettier for pretty rings if not overloaded with them.

T. N. J. The type-writing machine makes admirable a manuscript. None of it for us. The revision necessary to make a copy, printed copy, together with its great inequality of impression renders it unwelcome to publisher, editor and printer. Stick to the pen, and give us plain, open written pages of letter or commercial note size. "Foolscap" is rather large for the compositor's "case."

CENTER STAND. Can't answer as to honesty of the Lexington track and the time given for "Ten Brock." His record now is: For four miles, 7:55, September 27, 1875; for three miles, 5:30, September 28, 1875; for two miles, 3:27, May 8, 1877; for one mile, 1:36, May 24, 1877. Each the fastest on record. We presume the track is correct. If so, then Kentucky wins against the world!

ELDEST BROTHER. No "impropriety" whatever in the pleasure, especially when the lady in question has a natural right to your attention. Any pleasure can become a dissipation by over-indulgence, and then it is censurable. It is not a dissipation to force attention from the opposite sex; hence it is not only proper but requisite for you to make the advances.

KENT BELLE. So many persons are forced to exert economy that what would have been a hardship four years ago is now commendable self-denial. To do such labor as offers is both proper and praiseworthy. Write to your friends and friends will prize you all the more for your industry and economy. When easy times come again you will look back on your present struggle as nothing to be regretted.

WM. F. C. The U. S. army is full, and only recruits are taken to fill vacancies by death, desertion or expiration of enlistment. There is a recruiting rendezvous at St. Louis. Write to Adjutant-General, Headquarters, Washington, D. C., making offers of service and giving full particulars. To get on the N. Y. M. S. list, write to the Adjutant-General, Headquarters, Washington, D. C., making offers of service and giving full particulars. To get on the N. Y. M. S. list, write to the Adjutant-General, Headquarters, Washington, D. C., making offers of service and giving full particulars.

SAVING SAIL. A sailing vessel is profitable to men of means. Small farmers by growing gradually into stock and land are pretty sure to become wealthy. The cattle feeder is usually a very rough customer, and a poor host. He is a shrewd one. Wages are low, and the life everything but luxurious. If you have a desire to embark in cattle or sheep raising, write to the Editor of the Journal, and he will send you a list of names of those who have been successful in the business.

MISS PERRY. Of the three named the last is best of all things considered. In the choice of lover or friend be governed less by the eye than by the heart. Unreasonable refusal him your notice and attentions for awhile—that will probably make him tractable, if he really is attached to you. Girls of seventeen ought not to marry, nor to begin to "angle for husbands." They are too young to assume a married woman's duties.

WILL. Your height and weight, we should say, betoken a fine figure. Keep your hair regular. Don't go out nights to stay late, and let your diet be plain but plentiful. A fine physique is a woman's warmest admirer, and a pleasant companion. Indicated ought to be excellent for both, if wholly free and confidential. Better that a thousand times than to waste time, money and attention on those who can be nothing to you. Three years is not a long time to serve at a trade. No good trade can be learned in less time.

MARY L. See suggestions to "Belle." Nimble fingers are just what are wanted. If you had a good aunt and uncle like the two young ladies referred to it would be of course "nice." Perhaps they might suggest for you? A little weekly pocket money that is all your own is a pleasant thing to possess, certainly. The feeling of utter dependence forced on so many women is very humiliating and painful, at times. Neglect to keep a promise to write is a disservice. A trip under such auspices named would be entirely proper. It is a compliment to you to have been asked.

ORRIN Z. Artemus Ward's real name was Charles Farrar Browne. He is a popular humorist, and local editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, about 1838. "Doesticks" was then on the Detroit Tribune; the present bishop of Illinois, McLaughlin—a very genial fellow—was on the Chicago Commercial; "Invisible Green" and "The Fat Contributor" were on the Cincinnati Times; B. F. Taylor, the poet, was on the Chicago Tribune; and G. Chester was on the Buffalo Express, and Petroleum V. Nasby was on a little "one-horse" weekly, the Advertiser, printed at Plymouth, Ohio. All these men made their papers musical enough, and every one became celebrated.

MATT. The best trotting time given in the Calendar of the Turf is by Goldsmith Maid. She made one mile in 2:14, in harness, with a running mate at wheel, at Myrtle Park, Boston, Sept. 24, 1875. Her fastest mile in harness, alone, was in 2:14, at Rochester, Aug. 12th, 1874. At Buffalo, Aug. 3d, 1875, she made, in harness, three miles in 2:16, 2:15, 2:15. Her only close competitor was Lulu, who trotted a third mile in 2:15 (Buffalo, Aug. 10th, 1875); and Smuggler, at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 31st, 1875, who won first two heats against the Maid, in a six mile trot, viz.: 2:15, 2:17, 2:16, 2:17, 2:18, 2:19, 2:19. Dexter's best record is 2:18 under saddle, at Buffalo, 1866.

DISCREET. A "fence," in burglar parlance, is a place where stolen goods are disposed of. We know of no "thieves dictionary" among books. New York is a gathering place of criminals both because it is a great city and it is the first land of refuge for the horde of rogues who flee from other countries to this. In its permanent population New York is as moral as any large city in the world—Boston, we believe, never permits its horses to enter for a race. He occasionally trots them for time, for his own pleasure. A fast horse is a poor investment, and a horse that is not so very far from the truth, though like all sayings it has honorable exceptions.

ELIHU P. The rule of the sultan of Turkey extends over all of the entire sea-coast countries extending from Turkey in Europe to Mexico, viz.: Asia Minor, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt and the Barbary States—all Mohammedan, and acknowledging the sultan's sovereignty. All these countries will contribute troops, war material and money to his aid, and if the war takes on the guise of a struggle between Christian and Moslem the sultan will receive the sympathy and aid of the vast Mohammedan races of all Central Asia. In that event it will probably result in a combination of the Christian powers of Europe. There is no likelihood, however, of this contingency. After one or two decisive defeats—one in Asia Minor and one in Turkey, the sultan probably will hasten to make peace.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

MEMNON.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

All night the throbbing of the oars
And measures of the Osirian song
Flowed through our half-sleep; touched our
dreams
As gaily sped our galley along.
All night the warm airs, welcome-sweet,
And lotus laden from the land
Worried the taper's waning flame;
And we were kings in a kingdom grand.
We woke, low on the Lybian plain
The white star and the withering moon
Told morning. Down the dusky tide
Stood Memnon waiting with his tune.
Ah, how we hastened to be there
In hour to hear it! How we sped
By dreaming temple, frowning sphinx,
And mountain tenebrous of the dead!
Lightly we leapt the throng among
Of men and priests all prone in prayer,
Nor ran a ripple on the Nile
Under the silence of the air.
Nor stirred the lilies' snowy flakes
About the marge, nor on the shore
Shook the red poppy, and far off
The very fields to wave forbore.
From sacred censens of the priests
The smoking incense climbed and wreathed
Round those mysterious lips of stone
To woo the music to be breathed.
My mate and I put off our crowns,
Kneeling, since kings must kneel in grace,
Then gleamed the ray in air above
That, falling, dashed it full in face.
Then all the lilies lengthened out
Their pale, pure pennons, and the tone
Mounted through myriad heavens of sound
To meet the Morning on its throne.
Then down it died in heart of earth,
And chants of priests and songs of men
Died low and linger long,
And mute our galley moved again.

What Lily Accepted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they represented vastly different styles and characteristics.

Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, woful and wearied-looking, and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—proud, despite the plainness of her little house, and the shabbiness of her widow's weeds.

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features, and a complexion like unsmudged snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy, or haughtily questioning, with her wealth of blue-black hair that crowned her like a coronet.

She had always been regarded as a beauty, and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived. But now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home, and occupy a suite of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to use the closest economy to at all manage on the pitiable little sum that was left them; then Miriam's belle ship fled from her, and she took her beauty and her grace, and her high-toned elegant tastes, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for them to be—unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which, in Lily's case, was of a different quality from Miriam's—a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty and exclusive and reticent and vain, in Lily was dignity and strict womanly truthfulness, and elevation of character.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty—she was too slight, too petite; she was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not noticeable for personal characteristics. Her complexion was fair, and soft as rose petals, her eyes were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown.

But her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as a spray of moistened coral, with even milk-white teeth, showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left cheek.

The fourth of this quartette was Mrs. Dalzell's brother—Uncle Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life, until, when Mr. Dalzell had died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

Then, knowing her brother was immensely rich, and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls, or both; for that matter, Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his proffer, with large hopes based on his coming.

And he had come, and had seen to the settlement of his brother-in-law's affairs, and now, that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain little suite of rooms, and Uncle Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day to New York, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect."

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbled as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly:

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you endorse that?"

"And Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way."

"Good! Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—saleslady in one of your first-class drygoods stores."

"Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled."

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips—perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such

an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful daughter, who had never done a day's work in her life—perhaps because of her offended pride.

"I hardly think Miriam suited to such occupation, Hiram. She has been brought up like a lady, you must remember."

Uncle Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be—not a lady?"

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands, as if torn by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not affront this rich brother of hers who might do such glorious things if he only would.

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages. Her manner and appearance protest against it."

Uncle Hiram gave almost a grunt, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she wouldn't do at all for the two other positions I have in mind—neither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a store. Lily, my dear, I think I had better direct my suggestions to you."

Lily laid down a strip of ruffling her deft fingers were hemming, and drew her low-hassock nearer her uncle's knee, and listened for what he should propose.

He looked down at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize she was a Dalzell, and who had—somehow—taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself—that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray-eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living, I can give you your choice of two situations. One, is that of assistant forewoman in the shirt-factory on Edgemoor street, and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—assistant to an elderly lady."

Miriam gave a little refined cry of horror. Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously.

"Hiram, how can you?"

"Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

While Lily kept her bright eyes on his face.

"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it—I will take it."

Uncle Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming smile.

"Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff in you."

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and I'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence or—rubbing on as you've been doing?"

"I'll go, gladly, Uncle Hiram. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home. I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing and her gray eyes deepening almost to black.

"You're the sort, Lily! Now, can you be up and off early in the morning? Because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else, after Uncle Hiram had gone to his hotel, but bemoan Lily's want of pride, and berate Uncle Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

"To think he should dare offer to put you in such positions, when he himself rolls in riches. The stingy—curmudgeon, if I may say it!"

And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew moist with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter invective.

"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's counter!"

But Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk. And the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new untrod position.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Uncle Hiram had taken for them at the depot stopped before an imposing brown-stone front mansion, on a wide, aristocratic-looking avenue.

Lily looked up at the rows of plate-glass windows, hung with lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe came over her.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—never in the world."

Uncle Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led her up the flight of brown-stone steps.

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus; just show us in the reception-room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here?"

For a tall, livered footman had opened the door and bowed to Mr. Wingate respectfully.

It was a perfect little boudoir of a room into which Lily was ushered—an octagonal room, with windows draped in blue satin and lace alternation, with a blue and white velvet carpet on the floor, and furniture so odd and magnificent that Lily wondered if it was for actual use.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, it's just like fairyland, isn't it?"

Her delighted, awe-struck whisper amused him, and he was laughing at his heart's content when a stout, comfortable, elderly lady came in the room, with lovely gray puffs of hair, and wearing a beautiful steady pearl silk dress.

"Hiram, my dear! I am so glad you're back again! This is one of poor Mary's girls, is it?"

"Marion, my dear, I am glad to be home. Yes, this is Lily Dalzell, our niece. Lily, kiss your auntie, my dear!"

And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, while Uncle Hiram laughed and explained it all.

"You see I was determined I'd bring one of you home, and Marion and I arranged the little test before I went. We earned our money by hard work and economy, and we didn't want anybody to enjoy it who was too fine to follow our example. So you see, Lily, my dear, the 'situation' is a pretty fair one, after all, eh? Twenty dollars a month to spend for

candy, if you choose, and all the fine things you want, and your carriage to ride in, and your summers at Newport and a trip to Europe occasionally. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be our adopted daughter, and come into all we've got, after we die?"

And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake, Uncle Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will never again go except very rarely.

For she is the light of the old eyes, whose home she makes so radiant with her presence.

FAREWELL.

BY HENRY MAXWELL.

"Farewell!" The word last spoken
By parting friends—the token
That friendship's ties are broken!
Fare thee well!

"Farewell!" 'Tis not of meeting
That speaks! no note of greeting
In its sound; but all of parting
Fare away!

"Farewell!" There's naught redeeming
In the word! It has the seeming
Of a cloud with darkness teeming
O'er our way!

"Farewell!" What depths of feeling
Mocking all the soul's concealing,
Struggle forth to their revealing,
When we say:

"Farewell!" The word last spoken
By parting friends—the token
That friendship's ties are broken!
Fare thee well!

A Girl's Heart:

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S COQUETRY.

THAT same evening, just as the early dusk was beginning to shroud the landscape in its purplish glooms, Grace Atherton sat at her chamber window, leaning over the sill.

Her face looked flushed. She was eagerly watching and listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed upon a single spot in the shrubbery below.

The syringas parted presently, and a young man stepped out into the path. He was a very handsome fellow, blonde-bearded and yellow-haired. He had a tall, well-knit figure, and the muscular arms and limbs of a young athlete.

He gazed anxiously up the path for a moment, as if expecting somebody to come down from the house to meet him, and then, dropping his head dejectedly, sprang into the screen of bushes again.

Grace had drawn back from the window soon enough to avoid being seen by him; but not before she had sharply scrutinized both form and feature.

"I am not mistaken," she muttered. "It is the same mysterious stranger who met Rachel in the garden the night when she first came to Fairlawn. He has come back in the hope of seeing her again."

Grace knitted her brow thoughtfully. She had been waiting for the last fifteen minutes for a good view of the dark figure she had seen creeping in and out the shrubbery, in the bush-green garden, by the merest accident, a little while before.

When the opportunity came at last, she felt no surprise at the discovery she made. It never once occurred to her that she might be mistaken. She had seen that figure only once before, and then in the somber gloom of night; but she was sure she knew it again.

After a moment's deliberation, she rose, threw a light scarf over her head, and descended to the garden.

"I will keep tryst with your lover in your stead, for this time, my beautiful Rachel," she thought, a half-cynical smile curling her red lip. "It would be scandalous for a betrothed young lady like yourself to go about meeting strange men in all sorts of places."

She walked rapidly toward the spot where she had seen the handsome stranger. Her tread was light and noiseless as that of a spirit. As fate would have it, she met the man face to face, just as he had stepped into the path to take another observation.

He recoiled, growing very red in the face. He seemed surprised and confused at seeing a beautiful young lady standing there, looking at him with such a pretty air of assumed bewilderment.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he muttered, apologetically, raising his hat to her.

"He is superb—a perfect Apollo," thought Grace. "Rachel's infatuation no longer puzzles me."

Aloud she said, with a pretty air of blended dignity and coquetry:

"Where you going to Fairlawn?"

"No, miss," he answered, hesitatingly. "I am a trespasser on these grounds."

"Perhaps you were looking for some one?"

"No—no!"

He bowed, walked on a few steps, and then turned back again.

"I was looking for some one," he said. "Perhaps you can help me. At any rate, I wish to trust you. One so beautiful would not betray me."

She dropped her bright, dark eyes, and made answer:

"Whom do you wish to find?"

"Miss Clyde."

"Rachel!" she exclaimed, with a well-affecting start.

"Yes, Rachel Clyde," he returned, eagerly. "You know her?—you are her friend?"

She nodded.

"I was sure of it. I am very anxious to see her, but for certain reasons, cannot ask for her at the house. Will you send her here to me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

She smiled brightly, and turned as if to go away. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"Dear me! I had forgotten!" she exclaimed, in well-acted dismay. "Rachel is out driving with Mr. Dent."

She uttered the falsehood so glibly that the young man never thought of doubting her word.

"Driving with Mr. Dent?" he echoed. "That is strange—very strange indeed."

"Do not think so."

She was laughing softly. He looked at her steadily.

"Why not?" he queried.

"Of course you know they are betrothed lovers?"

He started a little, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Rachel and Mr. Dent lovers? No, I did not know it. Perhaps you will tell me next that oil and water have assimilated."

Grace drew herself up haughtily.

"You doubt my word, sir, but I have told you the truth. If they are not lovers, they ought to be, for they are to be married in less than two weeks."

"Married?"

"You seem to delight in echoing my words, sir. I really wish you would not."

Glancing up at him swiftly, she saw that he had grown ghastly pale. One of his clenched hands was uplifted, shaking wildly in the air.

"Married!" he said again. "You are trifling with me. Rachel marry that man! Ah, just heaven!"

"Why shouldn't she marry him?" said Grace, tartly.

"Why? Good God!"

He stood writhing and quivering. Something in her face seemed to strike sudden conviction to his heart. He turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Is this thing true you are telling me?" he demanded.

"As true as the gospel," she made answer. "A groan broke from him. He covered both hands over his face, a moment, and then removed them."

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a hoarse voice. "I had no right to doubt your word."

"You had no occasion, at least."

"But this is such a terrible thing for me to believe—"

He stopped suddenly. Overpowered by the emotion that wrung his soul, he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Dear lady," he cried, "tell me everything. I would know the worst. Do you know why Rachel consented to wed that man?"

"Because he is rich, and she is poor, I suppose."

"No, no! You are very wide of the truth. It was not that—it was not that. I think I see it all. She meant to sacrifice herself to me!"

He stopped to wipe away the clammy drops that had broken out on his forehead.

"She shall not do it," he went on, fiercely. "That villain, that thrice-accursed villain has driven me a step too far! He shall yet pay dearly for all this wrong and treachery."

Then he flung her hand rudely, violently from him, swung on his heel, and darted like a madman into the shrubbery.

Grace felt frightened and puzzled. She had seen something awful in the man's face before he left her so abruptly—a dark, vengeful hatred that made her shudder.

What had she done? Too late she regretted bitterly her careless words—her silly artifice to arouse the jealousy of this handsome stranger. Murder might come of it, and if so, could she ever hold herself guiltless?

Thoroughly alarmed, she turned and fled precipitately toward the house. Mrs. Heathcliff met her on the terrace steps.

"Oh, mother!" she moaned, throwing herself, panting and sobbing, into the perplexed woman's arms.

Mrs. Heathcliff gently sought to soothe her.

"My poor child, what has happened? Why are you so disturbed? Try to tell me, and to compose yourself."

Grace shivered from head to foot. She was really very much frightened. She feared some terrible calamity would follow her idle words.

"I have been so foolish, so culpable," she cried. "I can never forgive myself."

Then, in answer to her mother's questions, she related the scene that had transpired in the garden.

"That poor young fellow was nearly frantic," she said, in conclusion. "If he meets Mr. Dent, there will be blood spilled between them."

Mrs. Heathcliff had stood leaning against the iron railing that protected the steps. Her face was ashy white, and a wild look of terror showed itself in every feature.

"That man—the stranger," she muttered, giving no heed to Grace's last words. "What was he like?"

"Tall and handsome, with a blonde beard—"

"And wonderful yellow hair?"

"Yes, the most beautiful hair in the world—like spun gold."

Mrs. Heathcliff hid her face, and slowly faltered:

"It is he!"

Grace caught the words. "Who is it?" she demanded.

No answer. "Who is it?" she cried, again. "Mother, you know that man! Why will you not tell me who he is?"

Mrs. Heathcliff brought the color back to lip and cheek by a powerful effort.

"Hush, child," she said, harshly. "You are mistaken. I know no more of him than you have told me."

Grace shrugged, coughed, wiped her beautiful eyes, and said, after a pause:

"Mr. Dent was not in the house an hour ago. Has he returned?"

"No."

"You don't know where he is?"

"No."

"I was sure of it," clasping her hands, and looking scared. "He must be in the grounds, and might meet the stranger at any moment."

"True," returned Mrs. Heathcliff, knitting her brow thoughtfully.

"It must not be permitted. I tell you murder will be done!"

"Who is to prevent it?"

"You—and I—"

answered Grace, hysterically. "Come down into the shrubbery with me. You must come. I cannot rest until I have found Mr. Dent or the stranger."

"Humph!" moaned Mrs. Heathcliff, but her lips were colorless, and she offered no opposition.

They slipped noiselessly into one of the nearest paths. Twilight had deepened rapidly. It was now quite dark in the shaded walks, but a gibbous moon hung in the western heaven.

They had not proceeded far when the report of a pistol, at no great distance, rung out sharp and shrill on the quiet air.

Grace heard it, and uttered a wild, wild shriek.

"Too late—too late!" she screamed. "Oh, my God, what have I done?"

Then she fled precipitately in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PISTOL-SHOT.

"God forgive you, Rachel," she said, "if this is your work."

"Her work, mother?" cried Grace, starting and trembling. "Hush, oh, hush! You know it is not."

"Directly, it may not be. But there was a reason for the fearful deed that has been done. What was that reason?"

She glared around, from one to the other, but nobody made answer. Dr. Tremaine was stooping over the body, and carefully examining it.

"He is quite dead," he muttered. "The ball must have pierced some vital part, and death was instantaneous."

Mrs. Heathcliff heard without heeding him. A dark flush had crossed her face.

"I must speak out my mind here and now," she said. "Jealous hatred was the palpable cause of this murder. Mr. Dent was betrothed to Rachel. She had another lover, a mysterious stranger, who never dared show his face—a tall, yellow-haired young fellow who has been seen more than once hovering about these grounds. He—"

A bitter moan came from Rachel's white lips. It touched even the heart of Grace. In an agony of remorse and contrition she sprang to her mother's side.

"Don't go on," she pleaded. "For the love of heaven, say no more!"

Mrs. Heathcliff was silent a moment, standing with her mouth firmly shut and drawn down at the corners in a sort of angry perturbation. Then she cried out, fiercely:

"I will speak! This yellow-haired stranger is the murderer, and should be denounced as such. I here denounce him. He must be found and brought to punishment."

"Dick—poor Dick!" gasped Rachel, in faint, heart-sick tones.

The words were forced from her lips in spite of every effort to keep them back. Grace looked soiled, perplexed.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Say nothing, do nothing to betray him."

Grace looked a ghost herself. She was shaking from head to foot. She felt guilty, miserable. Would this terrible calamity ever have happened if she had held her peace?

"Oh, my God! what have I done?" she thought.

Aloud she said, turning her white face upon her mother:

"This is no time for idle accusations. For my sake, if not for Rachel's, be silent."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE RED TRAIL.

Mrs. HEATHCLIFF replied with an angry snort. But she had done all the mischief she cared to do at that moment, and could afford to remain silent.

Grace's demeanor puzzled her, however. She could not understand that the iron of remorse had already pierced the proud girl to the heart.

Seeing the crime and misery she had perhaps, though unwittingly, caused, wrought a sudden and radical change in the haughty beauty.

Dr. Tremaine's brow was dark and lower.

"Madam," he said, coldly, "our first duty is to the dead. Afterward we can give more thought to the living."

Mrs. Heathcliff caught the tone of reproach in which these words were uttered and bowed stiffly, though with curling lip.

"I accept the rebuke. Now what is to be done?"

He was about to answer, but stopped suddenly, with his eyes bent steadfastly upon the ground.

"Strange," he muttered. "Here is a trail of blood leading away from the spot."

Sleeping nearly to the ground, he distinguished it plainly in the moonlight—clots and smears of blood on the grass and the shrubbery, looking like dark, unsightly blotches in the uncertain light, but clearly blood to his practiced eye.

Grace knelt beside him. She groped along the grass. She, too, saw the blood, and one of her hands was stained by it.

She wiped it off, shuddering.

"The trail leads toward the shrubbery," she said.

"Yes," answered Dr. Tremaine, thoughtfully.

"Not from it?"

He did not answer, but silently pointed out the perceptible impress of a heavy foot in a bed of yielding moss at the distance of three or four yards. The foot was certainly pointed away from the spot where the corpse was lying.

The eyes of the two met for a moment. The same thought had entered the mind of each.

"For Rachel's sake," whispered Dr. Tremaine, rising, very white, but uttering no word.

"For Rachel's sake," answered Grace, in the same low tone, following him back to her mother's side.

But Rachel had been watching them with great staring, wide-open eyes, full of unutterable dread and terror. Nothing that had been said or done had escaped her observation.

She crept up close to Dr. Tremaine, took his hand in her own that shook so he could scarcely hold it, and pressed it warmly.

"Thank you," was all that she said.

It was enough. He knew from that moment she had caught at his own suspicion, and shared it.

Now, turning sharply round, he said:

"Go to the house, all of you, for help. I will remain with the body. Send three or four men with a litter."

"Yes, it must be done," said Mrs. Heathcliff, drawing her scarf more closely, and shivering a little. "You will have a lonely watch while we are away. Come, Grace."

Rachel lingered behind the rest. Her eyes were burning like two stars in the fearful palor of her face.

"Let me share your vigil," she pleaded.

Giving her a swift glance, he replied:

"No, I am not afraid to remain alone. Go, quickly!"

His look said:

"You must go. It is the only way if you do not wish to call immediate attention to what you and I suspect."

She understood him.

"I will go," she whispered, heaving a long-drawn sigh. "Dr. Tremaine, I can trust you to do what is for the best."

This was all. Mrs. Heathcliff and Grace were already several yards away. She ran forward to join them, and the next instant the shrubbery hid the three figures from Dr. Tremaine's sight.

He sat down beside the corpse, pale and languid, all the weakness and misery he felt showing itself in his face now that the necessity for concealment no longer existed.

Oh, how dreary and cheerless the moonlight looked, sifting through the tangled greenness

of the wood, lying on the wet and glistening grass, and creeping noiselessly over the pallid features of the dead man by his side.

What a vast grave of wrecked hopes the world seemed, with sorrow and heart-break perpetually striding up and down its length like twin-sisters, ever inseparable!

"What will the end be, oh, what will the end be?" he repeated to himself, more than once, while that lonely vigil lasted. "Poor Rachel! God pity her!"

Well might he say that!

It was, indeed, poor Rachel! His heart bled for her. Every doubt he had ever felt was increased ten-fold by what had happened. She loved this handsome stranger who had murdered Edward Dent! In vain he tried to think otherwise. The conviction would force itself home upon his mind.

How she must suffer, knowing all his guilt and wickedness!

"Ah, had she only loved me one-half so fondly, how happy I might have made her," he thought, once, and then grew ashamed of his own selfishness.

Presently voices sounded in the distance, and footsteps drew near. Four men emerged from the shrubbery, bearing some object between them.

They were the men Mrs. Heathcliff had sent with the litter.

It was a solemn procession that filed along the shadow-haunted path leading up to Fair-lawn a little later. Dr. Tremaine walked first, with his head uncovered, and the cooling night-winds lifting the curls from his white forehead.

When they reached Fairlawn he had thrown off his heartsick mood, and was his placid, alert self once more.

He took care to send the men in different directions before Mrs. Heathcliff had an opportunity to see them—one for the village doctor, one for the undertaker, and the remaining two on other errands.

He walked about the house, silent and watchful. Presently he saw a demure little figure in a sober drab glide out of a side door opening upon the terrace, and flit like a spirit across the lawn.

It was Rachel. Of course he guessed her errand.

"She is going to look for the murderer."

He hesitated a moment, uncertain what to do. Then he snatched up his hat and followed her.

It seemed mean and wrong to be dogging her footsteps like this. But he plunged recklessly into the shrubbery. His anxiety would not suffer him to remain inactive. Some harm might come to her.

She paused every now and then to listen, as she drew nearer the scene of the murder. Dr. Tremaine was compelled to moderate his speed, and move with extreme caution.

She did not linger in the glade, but ran on swiftly, as if frightened, plunging into the bushes toward which the bloody trail had pointed.

Finally she halted and called in a soft, suppressed voice: "Dick, Dick! Where are you, Dick?" and then ran on a little further, crying out again in the same manner.

The second time there came an answer. It was a low moan only, and sounded from a dense thicket at the left.

She seemed to know the voice. With a quick exclamation of relief and joy, she thrust the thick branches aside and ran onward.

Dr. Tremaine stood quite still, listening. He heard two or three low cries, an eager whisper, and then the sound of suppressed weeping.

Afterward there was a silence. It lasted so long he grew frightened, at last, and was preparing to move on when he heard a little rustling of the leaves, and Rachel stood before him.

She drew back, crying out sharply. He could see her whole figure quiver in the moonlight.

"You!" she said, shrilly.

"Forgive me," and he held out his hand with a pleading gesture. "I saw you steal away from the house, and followed you. I dared not trust you to come alone."

She seemed to catch her breath quickly once or twice. At last she looked up at him.

"You know all, Dr. Tremaine?"

"I know that the— that he is concealed in yonder thicket," he answered, pointing behind her.

"Oh, my God!" She sprang forward. She caught his hand, raised it to her lips. "You are good and kind and noble," she cried. "You will not betray him, Dr. Tremaine? You will not?"

The anguish of her appeal went straight to his heart.

"I may be doing wrong; I shall be severely censured. But, for your sake, Rachel, I will do nothing to bring the criminal to justice."

She covered his hand with her kisses and her tears. She seemed almost beside herself.

"That is not all," she faltered, after a pause. "We need help—your help."

"You shall have it."

She met his gaze with an earnest, wistful look.

"Do you quite understand me?"

"I think I do," he answered.

"That we need your assistance as a physician?"

"Yes. This man—your friend—is wounded. I suspected as much when I discovered the bloody trail in the glade."

"We may trust you—we may depend upon you?"

"Yes."

She drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

"Come with me," she whispered, leading the way into the thicket.

Dr. Tremaine followed. On a mossy bank, where a chance strip of moonlight fell clear and bright, lay the wounded man. His face looked ghastly, and his beautiful yellow hair fell over his forehead in wild disorder.

He heard Dr. Tremaine's step, and started up, glaring at him savagely.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Hush, Dick," said Rachel, gliding to his side. "Dr. Tremaine is our friend."

"Our friend!" he repeated, gazing steadily and half-suspiciously at the new-comer.

"Yes, Dick. Do you think I would trust him if he were not?"

"No, no."

He put out his hand with a low, faint laugh.

"Excuse me, Dr. Tremaine, if I do not rise to greet you. But you are very welcome, if you are indeed Rachel's friend and mine."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

WHEN you have had success and prosperity and social consideration, if your success is turned into defeat, and your prosperity decays, and your social relationships are broken up, learn how to stand sufficient in yourself without these things. Learn first how to be a man by sympathy, and then learn how to be a man without sympathy.

PRAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When the world seems cold and soulless,
When its shadows darkest fall,
When thy heart is almost bursting
With the weight of sorrow's pall—

When the loves that thou hast cherished
Pass like the sweet flowers away,
And thy home is eypress shadowed—
Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

If Wealth and Fame, those glittering bubbles,
Have eluded thy pursuit,
From all the world's vast gardens
Dead Sea apples are thy fruit;

If you are weary of the journey
O'er life's steep and rugged way,
And your tired feet seem slipping—
Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

Though the world hath many crosses
For your aching heart to bear,
Though you count life's gains and losses,
And deem fortune most unfair—

Though your path is dark with storm-clouds
That obscure the light of day,
If you crave their silver lining—
Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

Prayer will rend the veil of sorrow,
Lift the heart from out despair;
Prayer will bring you richer treasures
Than the world can ever bear.

Prayer will lighten every burden,
Gild with hope the darkest day;
Prayer will keep thy feet from straying—
Therefore, ever watch and pray.

Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand:

OR,
THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "KENTUCK
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE "HOG" TALKS BUSINESS.

SUDDEN was the interruption, complete the surprise.

The dusky forms of a hundred well-armed warriors crowned the rocks of the defile.

Armed to the teeth was Velvet Hand, but what could one man do against a host?

And the Indian maid, crouching at his feet; like another Samson, he had been betrayed, by a woman, to defeat and death, he wondered, too, that she could be brought to lead herself to such a deception, for gratitude is generally the strongest impulse due to the savage breast.

High on the crest of a lava rock stood the great chief of the McClouds; as proud a king—dusky though his skin and barbarian his pomp—as any Old World monarch of them all.

In his hand he bore a patent breech-loading rifle. The days of savage weapons have long since passed away, and the modern red chief meets his foe armed with weapons of the latest pattern, thanks to the paternal care of a benevolent government which provides its "helpless" with the latest style of weapons, so that they may be enabled to kill game—and white men—with ease and grace.

"Betrayed to death by you, Water-bird!" Velvet Hand exclaimed, as, with an undaunted front, he faced the fearful odds arrayed against him.

"As the bright stars can witness, I am innocent," the girl moaned, evidently deeply afflicted.

There was truth in her voice if ever truth spoke in human accents, and the imperiled man believed her.

Motionless as statues for a moment stood all the actors in this strange scene; the savage warriors with brandished weapons in their dusky hands, waiting but for the signal of the chief to spring forward at once to the slaughter of the solitary white, and Velvet Hand, as cool of eye and as steady of nerve as though all this startling, warlike display was but an empty pageant, "full of sound and fury but signifying nothing."

And then a change came over the spirit of the scene; the McCloud chief spoke:

"Let my warriors hold off their hands, and you, bold white chief, throw down your little guns!"

"Oh, no!" Velvet Hand replied, quickly; "while I live I'll hang on to my weapons. You red fellows have the advantage just now, but if I must die, be sure I will have company in crossing the dark river!"

The McCloud chief frowned as he listened to the bold words of the white.

"And will my brother dare attempt to resist the braves of the red McClouds in their native hills?" the old warrior cried, lustily.

"Let my brother throw down his weapons and beg for mercy! If he tries to play the wolf, let him not murmur if the red hunters give to him the fate of the wolf!"

"Does the chief think to scare me with words?" Velvet Hand replied, contemptuously. "Let him talk to the winds, and bid them be still when they choose to blow. Alone—a single man am I, but before you take my scalp, I'll send some of your warriors to their long home. Trust to your mercy! Oh, no! if I must face death, it shall be with arms in my hands and not as a bound and helpless prisoner."

For a moment the McCloud chieftain seemed undecided; he looked at his red warriors and he looked at the daring white man who so boldly held his ground.

As well as any man in the Western wilds he knew how lightly the cool-eyed white man held that precious jewel which men call life; no stranger was he to the story of the past wherein the desperate white chief had played so prominent and bloody a part.

The red McCloud was an acute and wily chieftain. He had a deep purpose in view in springing this trap upon the white man. Through his trusty spies he had learned of the acquaintance which had been so strangely formed between the white man and the young McCloud girl, and had seized upon it as a means to lure Velvet Hand into his power. Acting under his direction, one of the old squaws had suggested to the girl—who had confided to the aged crone her acquaintance with the Cinnabar mine—that she could easily pay the debt of gratitude due to the white man by revealing to him a secret "pocket" in the mountain where the precious gold-dust could be procured, and this was the reason why the Water-bird had wished for the interview; but it was all a scheme on the part of the old chieftain to get the white man into his power. The secret "pocket" in the mountain existed only in the imagination of the old squaw.

The plan had succeeded in every particular, excepting that the McCloud chief had anticipated that the white man would surrender upon seeing the number that opposed him, and the bold defiance of Velvet Hand had surprised him.

Koo-choo, the Hog, meant business; it was not merely to take the scalp of the white man that he had intrigued to lure him to the lonely defile above the McCloud canyon, but he had a far deeper purpose in view.

The bold attitude of the white man, however, did not suit him. He did not desire to treat with Velvet Hand as with a potentate of equal power, but preferred to have him helpless—a prisoner in his hands, and then talk to him.

In fact, the wily McCloud chief wanted all the advantage on his side.

But it was not to be.

The trick had succeeded; the white was in the defile alone, surrounded by the armed red men, but he had not surrendered, nor did he intend to.

A conflict was not to be thought of, for an attack would defeat the purpose which the red chief had in view. Therefore, with as good a grace as possible, the McCloud chief prepared to make the best of the situation.

"The Red McClouds would be friends with the bold white chief," he said, with great dignity.

Force had failed; the chief would now try cunning.

"No man in all the great north land would the warriors of the McCloud sooner call brother than the white chief who is as brave as the bear, as cunning as the beaver, and as wise as the owl," continued the old warrior. "In the mind of the McCloud chief lives the past. He remembers his brother when he was the great chief of the Shasta nation and wore the war-paint of the red-man. His white brothers do not treat him well; why does he dwell with them in their lodges up the river? Why does he not make his home with the red-men in the mountain wilderness? The Shastas are no longer a great tribe, but the McClouds are the lords of all the northern land; the Red McClouds will be glad to welcome so great a warrior as my brother, and they will do him honor."

And then the old chief waved his hand. Instantly the signal was obeyed, and like magic the savage warriors vanished, each separate brave sinking to his covert amid the rocks with ghost-like celerity.

Then down from his lofty perch the old warrior stepped, and, casting his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he advanced directly to the little level spot where Velvet Hand stood.

The Indian girl rose to her feet as the old warrior came on, and, stepping back a few paces, surveyed him with a curious look upon her pretty face, for the young squaw was pretty, despite her dusky complexion and the unmistakable Indian cast to her features.

Koo-choo halted in front of the white, and his black glittering eyes peered curiously first at Velvet Hand and then at the girl.

"My brother is a great brave—a cunning one, too, or else the Water-bird would never have flown from her wigwam to meet him. Does my brother know that Hula-ha-ha is the daughter of Koo-choo, and that she shall be the squaw of the white man if he wishes her?"

This was business with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE "HOG" WANTED.

THE maiden modestly cast down her eyes, but the look of joy upon her face told only too plainly that she would be no unwilling bride.

Velvet Hand glanced at the girl for a moment in his odd, peculiar way, while the old chief watched him, eagle-eyed.

Then the white turned his attention to the McCloud warrior.

"You do me too much honor," he said, quietly. "What am I to do for you in return?"

The chief drew himself up proudly.

"The McCloud warrior does not sell his daughter!" he exclaimed, in haughty dignity. "He gives her to his white brother; that is all."

"And yet, if you desired a service at my hands I should feel bound to comply," Velvet Hand suggested, shrewdly.

"Ah, that is another matter," the old chief said, his dark eyes flashing with a cunning light, then he beckoned the white to a spot a little remote from the one where the girl was standing. "The McClouds are jealous of the white men in the valley," he continued, cautiously. "Their lodges grow too fast; some day the red warriors will take the war-path and drive the gold-diggers away."

Velvet Hand shook his head sadly.

"Has the chief forgotten the fate of the Shastas?" he asked. "It is useless to try to drive back the whites by force. It cannot be done."

"Then my brother would not join the McClouds if they took the war-path against the white men?"

"No."

"Not if he took the Water-bird to sing in his wigwam?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the attempt is useless and would only end in the destruction of your tribe."

The old warrior nodded his head, sagely.

"So the great chief of the McClouds thinks, and when the Modocs talked of the war-path he said, 'No, just as my brother has said.'"

"Are the Modocs dissatisfied?" asked Velvet Hand, astonished at the intelligence.

"Yes; their treaty is all lies; no blankets but old ones cut in two; their meat and flour rotten."

"But they are only a handful."

"In the lava-beds they will fight like the old mountain-bear fights for her cubs."

"Let them fight, chief, but you and your tribe keep out of it," the white cautioned.

The old chief grinned.

"Talk fight much, maybe, but no fight. Will the chief take the Water-bird?"

"And what must I do for her?" Velvet Hand was evading the question.

the false white men who have stolen the land of the red chiefs? Is this pale-face a greater brave than can be found in the red McCloud nation? I for one deny it! Let him prove that he is a better man than the McCloud warriors can boast before he seeks to take the fairest jewel of the tribe for his squaw."

Again there came a hum of approval from the lips of the red-men, and the wily Koo-choo saw that this demonstration was one not to be easily passed over.

As for the Cinnabar man he saw himself placed in a most unpleasant position. It was very evident that these two bold-speaking warriors meant "business." If he wanted the red maiden they intended that he should not get her without a struggle.

Now when it is considered that he hadn't the slightest idea of forming an alliance with the dusky daughter of the red McClouds, and that he had merely temporized in the matter so as to get out of the predicament in which he so unexpectedly found himself, with a little difficulty as possible, to become involved in a quarrel with two red warriors was far from pleasant.

As brave as any mortal living was the cool, keen-eyed man of Cinnabar; utterly reckless, too, of his own life, caring but little whether he lived or died, having but few ties to bind him to the world; yet to enter into a life and death struggle with these two red chiefs, to stand solely for the sake of a woman who was no more to him than any other dusky damsel of the woods was utterly ridiculous; but, how to escape from the embarrassing position was a puzzle.

True, he might openly declare that he did not want the Water-bird, and simply decline the honor of the alliance which old Koo-choo the Hog had arranged for him; but, in that case there was little doubt that the baffled chief would raise the war-shout, and that, instead of encountering the two warriors, he, single-handed, would have to fight all the savages.

As to the McCloud chief he was not sorry that affairs had taken this sudden and unexpected turn. The white man would be forced to declare himself. He must either fight for the girl, thus practically accepting her, or else decline the alliance altogether, and in this latter case the old red butcher mentally promised himself the pleasure of "lifting" the scalp of his esteemed white brother on the instant.

But, the old chief wished Velvet Hand to accept; he coveted the fair Californian girl, and he believed that he could easily secure her through the aid of the white man. He therefore determined to force Velvet Hand into the contest.

"The ears of the great McCloud chief are always open to the words of his warriors," began the old scoundrel, gravely. "He cannot blame the McCloud warriors that they are angry at the thoughts of the Water-bird leaving her people to sing in the lodge of a pale stranger. This white chief is a great brave; many moons ago he fought the warriors of the red McClouds and brought sorrow to their wigwams. Koo-choo knows it, and therefore is he satisfied to receive the white man as a son-in-law; he is proud to have so great a chief wed the queen of the Shastas. But, it is only right that my braves should call for deeds as well as words. The white chief wants the McCloud girl—he will fight for her with any brave of the nation who cares to challenge him, and I, the great chief of the tribe, will see that the fight is fair."

A very emphatic grunt came from the lips of the red warriors. This sort of thing was exactly to their liking; and then, too, there was hardly a man in the savage ranks who doubted that the white man would be beaten in the struggle. The young chief, The Little Horse, was as fine a brave as the McCloud tribe could boast; and, for the ugly, scarred-faced One-eyed Crow, as deeds of blood were so heavy on his head, that there was not a red warrior in the nation, Koo-choo, the Hog, alone excepted, who could boast a bloodier record.

Velvet Hand was in for it; there was no escape, and therefore with as good a grace as possible he prepared to "face the music."

"I am ready for the trial!" he exclaimed. "Let the red braves who doubt that I am a great chief step forward, and on their heads I will prove that I am as good a man as any red warrior in the McCloud tribe."

Eagerly the two warriors who had spoken stepped forward.

"The Little Horse and the One-eyed Crow," said Koo-choo, indicating the two. "Which one will encounter the white chief first?"

As crafty as he was bloodthirsty was the older McCloud warrior, and he warily calculated that if the Little Horse took the first chance the white man might disable him, and so a powerful rival would be removed, and even if he conquered the pale chief, matters would be no worse than they were at present, so the old brave spoke instantly:

"Let the Little Horse take the first chance," he said; "he was the first to speak and it is his right."

The young brave eagerly accepted the position.

Face to face the rivals met.

"I bear no malice to my red brother," observed Velvet Hand, gazing with a keen eye at the intelligent and pleasing face of the young McCloud warrior. "It is merely a question between us as to which is the better man. We need not seek each other's lives; let us lay aside our weapons and with our bare hands, muscle against muscle, struggle for the mastery."

The young warrior accepted the condition, and soon, stripped of all useless incumbrances, the two faced each other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

The Giant Rifleman:

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN," "RED ROB," "THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN."

The blow that felled Frank Ballard to the earth was not a fatal one. The rubber-hood drawn over his head had saved his life, no doubt; for it broke the force of the blow and he was only stunned. But when he had recovered, it was with a violent pain in the head, and a thousand horrors flitting through his brain. He found that he had been lying partially in the water's edge, and, in fact, was seated in the water when he recovered consciousness. How he had come there he knew no more than if he had never existed until that moment. It was pitchy dark where he lay, but out before him he could see the moonlight falling on the river.

With an almost dizzy brain he endeavored to study out his situation. Vague glimpses of the past flitted and flashed in painful mockery before his mental vision; but, aided by the roar of the rapids, he finally succeeded in gathering the links of his shattered memory. All the past, up to the moment it had been so suddenly and violently blotted out, burst upon his mind, causing him to start with fear and horror. His first thought was of Edith; and he started up calling her name; but there was no answer. He glanced up at the moon, and seeing the night was far advanced he sank within his breast. When he discovered that his rubber suit had been taken from him, grave fears took possession of his mind; for something of the real truth flashed through his perturbed mind. He became sorely anxious to hear from Edith, and had resolved to cross over to the island just as he was, when a voice cried out:

"Stand!"

Frank, standing bolt upright, turned his face toward the unknown, who stood concealed in the bushes.

"Who are you?" the voice again demanded. "Frank Ballard," was the answer.

"Murderer!" hissed the unseen. A chill crept through Frank's heart.

"I am not a murderer," he replied.

"You betrayed the confidence of my sister, and then attempted to kill her."

"Whom do you mean; Edith Mount?" asked Frank.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You are mistaken," replied Frank, speaking with the candor of innocence; "I was going to the island with Edith when some devil bent me down and having stripped off my cloak flung me into the river. And there have I lain for—well, I can't tell you how long. I recovered but a few moments ago. This, sir, is the God's truth; and I have a welt across my head big as a man's arm to bear witness to what I say. Do you believe what I tell you?"

"I believe you, sir; your story corresponds exactly with Edith's supposition; and I came over here to hunt for your dead body," replied the brother.

"Then Edith is not dead?"

"No; but she is severely wounded. The demon that came to the island in your place shot her."

"Can I see her?" Frank asked.

"Not to-night; she must rest. When she learns that you are alive she'll rest easier. At first we thought you had done the shooting; but a calm, second thought convinced her to the contrary."

Frank groaned in spirit, turned and sat down.

"Good-evening, Mr. Ballard," said the speaker in the shadows; then he advanced to the water's edge and was soon moving across the wire-bridge toward Castle Island.

Frank arose, bathed his aching head, and then started back to camp where he arrived about an hour before daylight. His friends, who had passed over a restless night in consequence of his prolonged absence, were surprised by the look of pain upon his face; and at once inquired after the cause.

Frank sat down and told them all about his night's adventures, concealing nothing of the mysteries of Spirit Rapids and Castle Island.

"Well, by the witches of Salem!" exclaimed Old Wolverine, "did you ever dream of such things?"

Goliath Strong seemed wonderfully surprised by the account of his brother's story; and many were the expressions of surprise that passed between him and Old Wolverine in regard to the matter.

Daylight at length came, and with the first streaks of light, Wolverine shouldered his gun and set off in search of game for breakfast. In the course of an hour he returned with two fat young wild-turkeys, which he at once dressed in true hunter style, and arranged before a fire to roast.

Meanwhile, Goliath Strong and the bee-hunters had gone down to a little purling stream hard by and made a thorough ablution, which strengthened their bodies, invigorated their blood, and sharpened their appetites.

When they returned to camp the turkeys were done to a crisp brown, and ready to be served. All ate with avidity—particularly Frank, who declared he was never so hungry in his life, and that the turkey was the most delicious game he had ever tasted.

After their meal they made no move toward continuing their journey. For some reason or other, Goliath Strong and Old Wolverine concluded they had better remain there in camp a few days. They gave no reason for this inactivity; and since the bee-hunters were in no ways concerned about the Unknown Marksman, they did not insist on any explanation.

As the day advanced Wolverine again took his rifle and dogs and went in search of game. Goliath Strong seated himself at the foot of a tree and taking a slip of paper from an inner pocket busied himself for more than two hours looking over it. Ed and Frank noticed that he studied it with contracted brows, as though it contained some profound problem; but it was with a look of disappointment that he finally folded the paper and carefully replaced it in his pocket.

Thus the day wore away and night again set in. Ed and Frank laid down to rest; Old Wolverine left camp and went scouting in the direction of Spirit Rapids. Goliath Strong alone remained seated by the camp-fire, and when assured that his companions were asleep he took out that same paper and again began his study.

Frank, who lay with his head partially covered with his hat, slyly watched the giant hunter. He could not sleep, for he thought the two hunters were acting rather queerly. He did not know what to make of their conduct; and, feigning sleep, determined to watch their move.

Goliath pondered and grimaced over the paper for hours, and would have probably continued so all night, had Old Wolverine not returned.

"Make anything out of it, G'liar?" the wolf-hunter asked, as he leaned his gun against a tree and removed his accoutrements.

"Not a thing," Goliath replied, with a frown that denoted his vexation; "it is just like confusion, with footing enough to lead one on deeper and deeper into its tangled mazes."

"Hav'n't you showed it to the boys, yet?"

"No; I thought I would work on it to-night, and then, if I couldn't figure it out, I would turn it over to them," replied Goliath.

"They might fetch it, G'liar," replied Wolverine; "for I tell ye them boys are long-headed."

"I'll let them into it to-morrow," declared Goliath.

Wondering what secret existed between the hunters, in which he was soon to become a confidant, Frank Ballard went to sleep, and slept soundly until all were awakened the next morning by the startling report of a rifle in camp.

Springing to their feet, they saw Old Wolverine standing at one side, with his rifle in hand, while down in the hollow, about seventy paces away, a deer lay struggling in its death throes.

"We'll have roasted venison for breakfast," announced the hunter.

"And when we have breakfasted, boys," said Goliath, addressing Frank and Ed, "I have a puzzle, or problem, that I want you to help me work out."

"What kind of a problem?" asked Ed.

"A financial problem—one worth a fortune to your young friend, Nathan Darrall."

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN SPENCER GETS A "WELT."

On the fourth night after the meeting at the Five Points, four men emerged from the shadows of the woods, and passed on the river bank opposite Castle Island. They were all well armed, which was evidence of their being upon the trail of the dread Unknown Marksman.

One of them was Randolph Spencer; another James Trimble; the other two were lumbermen.

"Right here," the captain said, as he paused near the foot of the rapids, "is that concealed bridge of which I was telling you. You will all have to use extreme care in crossing, for only one can cross at a time. A misstep will be your death-warrant."

"Very well, Cap., you go ahead," said Trimble.

Spencer explored along the bank until he had found the hidden bridge, then he reached up and caught hold of the balance-wires, and began picking his way across the dizzy waters, slowly, cautiously.

Owing to the darkness of the night, and the rising mist, he was soon lost from sight; but when arrived on the opposite side, he telegraphed the fact to his friends by striking upon one of the wires, the end of which was fastened to a tree.

Trimble was the next to cross; then followed the two lumbermen, and when they were all together on the island, the captain led the way to the summit of the hill, and paused to give further orders.

"Here we are, boys, on Castle Island," he exclaimed.

"So I perceive," replied Trimble, "and from the familiar way in which you saunter about, one would think you had been here before, captain."

"Well, what next?" asked one of the lumbermen, very impatiently. "I want to keep moving, now that I'm started."

"The cabin stands in a deep sink or hollow in the very center of the island," replied Spencer; "and I would suggest that we go down and reconnoiter around."

The captain led the way down the hill toward the lonely hut of the mysterious people. As it became unfolded from the cover of the sycamores, a light was seen shining from the window. This told them that the occupants were at home.

The four advanced to within twenty paces of the door, then stopped under some trees to consult.

"Let us creep up as close as we can, then dash in upon them with drawn weapons," replied Spencer, speaking in a quick, nervous tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"Lead the way, Captain Randolph," said Trimble.

The captain moved forward, revolver in hand, and when about ten feet from the door, he gave a yell and bounded into the cabin followed by his companions. But, surprise and disappointment were all that met them, for not a living soul, except themselves, was in the cabin. A smoldering fire on the hearth lit up the room. This must have been fed with the past hour, but where were the hands that did it?

As the intruders gazed about the room, they became deeply impressed by the silence and air of mystery that seemed to pervade the place.

The house was furnished with all the comforts of a border home. The neatness and handiwork of woman were upon every side.

"They must have got wind of our coming and fled," said Trimble, and his voice sounded hollow and strange to his companions.

"It seems to me there's been a funeral bout here recently," remarked Spencer, with a look that implied more than his words; "but let's to work and search every hole and corner in this house and on the island."

All seemed anxious enough to obey, and in a few minutes the house had been thoroughly searched; but nothing could be found of the inhabitants of the place.

Daylight found them still hunting; but in vain. The place was deserted by all save two or three tame deer and a troop of bright-eyed squirrels that risked about uneasily.

"They are gone," Spencer finally admitted; "but they may return; and so I am going to remain here and take them by surprise."

"You'll not catch them napping, Cap.," declared Trimble; "it is my opinion that the inhabitants of this island, whoever they may be, have friends among us who keep them posted."

"I believe that, Jim; and somehow or other, I can't help suspecting Old Wolverine. He acted queer the other night. Don't you think so?"

"Not any more so than that Goliath Strong."

"Well, time will tell; if you will remain with me, we will watch here for the return of the folks. I'm satisfied that it's the hand of the Unknown Marksman, from what I told you."

Trimble volunteered to remain with the captain; and so the two lumbermen at once took their departure for the mainland.

The two partners in rascality remained on the island nearly the whole day, waiting in vain for the return of the inhabitants. Once Trimble noticed his companion walking about searching the ground in a manner that appealed to his curiosity, and so he asked:

"What you hunting, Cap?"

"Oh, I was just looking for a fresh mound—in other words, a grave," replied Spencer.

"A grave?" exclaimed Trimble; "why should you expect to find a grave here?"

"I didn't know but what some of the folks had 'gone over the hills,' as Wolverine says, and that the others had deserted the island."

"Exactly," responded Trimble, and he joined in the search.

As the hours wore on, the two finally ascended the heights overlooking the river, and ran their eyes carefully on the wooded shores beyond. While gazing across the rapids, Trimble saw a puff of smoke burst from the bushes on the opposite shore; and at the same instant Captain Spencer staggered and almost fell; while the crack of a rifle rung out clear and distinct above the roar of the rapids.

A bullet had just grazed the forehead of the captain, raising a livid welt from which the blood seemed ready to burst.

Following up the course of the bullet, Trimble

ble found where it had struck a tree, and in a few minutes he dug it out with the point of his knife.

It was a copper bullet!

This discovery sent a chill to Spencer's heart.

"By heavens, captain! you, too, have got a welt across the head from the Unknown Marksman. We are either proof against his accursed copper bullets, or else he is toying with us as a cat plays with a mouse. Ah, look! do you see that figure gliding among the trees over yonder? 'Tis he—the Unknown Marksman!"

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

NATHIE DARRALL remained at the home of the old cranberry-picker several days; and in this time he fully recovered from his injuries under the kind and loving treatment of Ida Zane and her gentle-hearted mother. On the sixth day after his advent to their secluded home, he made preparations to leave and rejoin his friends. He disliked to inflict himself upon the good people, for he saw that they were very poor. Yet, out of the generosity of their hearts, they seemed ready and willing to sacrifice their own comfort that their guest might be provided for; and so Nathie felt loath to accept of such self-sacrifice in his behalf, since he had but little money to pay them; and even this they refused when he offered it to them.

When he was about ready to leave the cabin Ida approached him with a handsome little sporting rifle and accoutrements, and said:

"Nathie, I am not going to give you this rifle, but loan it to you, seeing you have none. No one should go unarmed in the woods nowadays. Besides," and a blush stole over her pretty face, "you will have to come back here to return it to me."

"Couldn't I send it back?" he asked.

"No, sir," she replied, and a smile wreathed her lips. "I will receive it from no one but you."

"Then I will accept of your proffered loan for the sake of coming back; for the fact of it is, Ida, I hate to go away. Since my advent here, a great change has come over my happiness and peace of heart; and the Blue Marsh, and the people dwelling here, will ever stand foremost in my memory. You may think me very foolish, Ida, for saying so, but since I came here I have learned to love, and you are the object of that love."

Ida's head drooped and a crimson flush overspread her face. Nathie's words had fallen upon her ears like the sweet inspiration of a song. Her thoughts ran back over the past. She recalled her last meeting with Spencer, and his definition of love; then she looked into her young heart and asked herself whether or not she loved Nathan Darrall; but whatever answer she found there, she made no reply to Nathie's impassioned words.

Nathie had been encouraged in his confession of love by her remarks concerning the gun; and her silence now, was to him full of the happiest meaning. Instinct, rendered acute by love, told him this.

Having bidden the old folks good-by, Nathie took his departure, accompanied by Ida, who was to take him across the creek in her boat. They walked leisurely down the green island-slope to the creek, launched the boat and embarked. Nathie took the paddle, and seating himself by Ida on the middle seat, paddled out into the center of the stream, and then let the boat drift at the will of the current.

"Ida," he then said, "I do wish I lived near the Blue Marsh."

"I am sure it is not a very romantic place," she said, her eyes looking up into his and beaming with joy.

"No; but those around it make it attractive to me—your particular, Ida. To you I owe my life; you have won my heart, and oh, if my love could only be reciprocated, then could I go away and return with a light footstep and happy mind."

"Nathie, you will ever be welcomed at our humble home," the maiden replied.

"As a friend?"

"As a dear friend."

"Can I never call you by any more endearing name, Ida? Could I not some day have the privilege of calling you my little wife?"

Ida's eyes drooped shyly, and her lips quivered as she replied:

"Nathie, I do love you, but I could never think of leaving my mother and grandpa."

"You never shall, Ida," he exclaimed, in a passion of love, drawing her to his side and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "It is enough for me to know that you love me. I can wait, for I am but a boy yet. Some day, perhaps, our love and our lives can be forever sealed."

Ida lifted her eyes and glanced away toward the forest as if looking into the future—to that blissful day. But the smile of infinite glory that lit up her lovely, childlike face faded away, and a cloud, whose darkness seemed to overshadow her young heart, settled upon her brow when she caught sight of Captain Spencer coming up the creek.

"Do not build up your future hopes on that, Nathie," she responded, "for they may be blasted. My mother and grandfather wish me to marry Captain Randolph Spencer."

A sigh that almost deepened into a groan escaped Nathie's lips.

"At first they discouraged Mr. Spencer's suit," Ida continued; "but he is rich and promised them a home of plenty; and as they are growing old, and we are very poor, would it be right for me to disobey them, Nathan?"

Ida, this is terrible news to me—a hard question for me to answer conscientiously; for while it is your duty to obey your parents, it seems cruel in them to inflict a life of misery on their child by having her marry Randolph Spencer, who I have always heard is a bad man. Talk with your people, Ida, and perhaps they will think better of your happiness. I am a poor boy, with a widowed mother depending upon me for sustenance; but I am not only willing to work for you, but for them also. Tell them of our love, and the misery our separation will entail upon our lives. I know your mother is too noble and generous-hearted to insist upon a life of misery for her child. In a day or two I will come back—yes, I will return every day, Ida, until I know it is useless for me to come again."

By this time the boat had drifted some distance down the creek, and so, dipping the paddle, Nathie sent the craft ashore. As he rose to depart, he took Ida's hand in his, and, stooping, imprinted a kiss upon her lips; then tearing himself away and leaping ashore, he bid her adieu, and turning, walked rapidly away, his young heart in a tumult of joy and fear combined.

Tears came into the maiden's eyes as she watched the manly form of her boy lover receding in the distance; and a mental abstraction settled over her mind. She had forgotten that she had seen the form of Captain Spencer some distance down the creek, until startled from her reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Looking up, she saw Captain Spencer standing on the bank of the creek, with one foot on the prow of the boat.

"Good-morning, Miss Zane," he said, rather sarcastically, as he unceremoniously stepped into the canoe and seated himself; "I hope I find you well; I see you are looking very happy."

"Quite happy, indeed," she answered, a little disturbed by his rudeness of manner.

"I should think so," he continued, with a frown, "when you can ride out with a young adventurer like the one that just left you, and having him kissing you at every turn."

"Captain Spencer," she said, a little indignantly, "Nathan Darrall is no adventurer—he is a gentleman."

"Admitting this to be the truth, what right have you—my betrothed wife—to allow other men such liberties as he took with you?"

"I love Nathan Darrall!" she replied, her eyes flashing defiantly, and her lip curling with scorn.

"Love!" he sneered, cut to the quick by her reply; "well indeed! this is a singular case; but I'm of the opinion that love will not go where sent this time. I shall now insist on you or your mother fixing the day for our marriage."

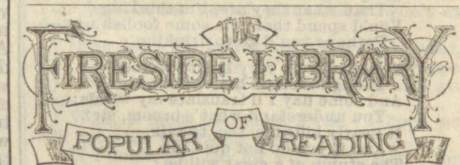
"Mother may, but I will never!"

"Where! that love of yours for a beggar boy is souring your temper, my little dove; but then we'll doctor that when you become the queen of Castle Spencer. We will now return to the cabin, and have your mother arrange matters at once," and so saying, he took up the paddle and pushed off from shore, and then turned up the stream—the dark cloud of jealousy sitting upon his brow—the brow upon which still blazed the livid track of the Unknown Marksman's bullet.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

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PODDLE SMOKES.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

A burning shame and so it is
In your tobacco-smoking,
And that thing's got to be dried up;
Now, Poddle, I ain't joking!
With five or six cigars a day
Your purse won't stand the suction,
And as a consequence my bills
Must suffer a reduction.

My language falls me just to see
This way in which you're going,
And if I only had the breath
I'd give you such a blowing!
Yet I endure without complaint
Your follies without number,
And you don't care a cent how much
They keep me from my slumber.

You know I've got no words to waste,
Yet all I say are wasted;
If I could talk as some wives do
My wrath you would have tasted.
Your habits have been bad enough,
And awful in a very sense,
I'd like to give you some advice
If I had breath and leisure.

I'd make you smoke to your content,
But in another fashion,
And then you'd be a fume with fumes,
They make me fume with passion.
Don't blow your smoke into my face!
You are not—yes, you are, sir!
You'll find there's fire somewhere else
Than there on your cigar, sir.

If I get married after this
I'll not be to a smoker;
A man thinks little of his wife
Who takes such means to choke her.
The vile tobacco-smell you have
I hate it more than treason;
I haven't kissed you for a year,
And you know that's the reason.

If I begin upon this theme
I'm sure I'll be no stopping;
If I had the command of speech
I'd set you soon to hopping.
I'll get a pipe and smoke some, too?
Yes, how'd you like the sight, sir?
My mother did, I know she did;
I'll get a pipe tonight, sir.

You earn the money you smoke up?
If you had many a woman
You'd have but little for cigars—
You tyrant most infamous!
If my expenditures were less
Than what they are, I'm thinking
You'd spend that sum some foolish way—
Perhaps you'd go to drinking.

You'd go from very bad to worse,
Though there is little room, sir,
And some day I'll translate my words:
You understand what's broom, sir?
It nearly kills me, too, to talk,
And if you do not quit, sir,
The stump of a cigar will be
The stump on which we'll split, sir.

Schamy,

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE:

OR,

The Cossack Envoy.

A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

IV.

ZISKA HOFFMAN stood at the summit of the tower of Ivan the Terrible, and beheld beneath his feet the vast city of Moscow, glittering in the morning sun. Around him rose the spires of minarets of the marvelous cathedral, gleaming with bright gilding, flaming in all the colors of the rainbow. Below stretched out the great city for miles in all directions. He was in the Kremlin, the great palace of the czars, with its grounds two miles in circumference. Near by, the great bells were thundering out their chiming, for it was a feast day—the feast of St. Nicholas.

"Ah, Petrusha," said the traveler, heartily, "this is indeed a city worth seeing, and a wonderful palace."

Petrusha only bowed. He never presumed to offer any observation to his new master. "And now, Petrusha," said the journalist, "where is this Troitsa Monastery that I hear so much about? I have seen the Kremlin and cathedrals; I have seen your grand factories, but I have heard so much about this monastery that I must see that, too. I think we'll drive there to-morrow."

Petrusha elevated his shoulders deprecatingly. "I grieve to correct your excellency, but it is not possible. The monastery is forty miles off. Your excellency must go by rail."

Ziska smiled. "I have taken a fancy to drive," he said. "I came to Russia to see the country and the people, not to ride in rail-cars. I could do that at home. I shall take a troika and get post horses on the road."

Petrusha shrugged his shoulders again. "Very well, one of noble blood. There is no law against it that I know of. General Dragonoffsky ordered that you should have all possible liberty within certain limits."

"See here, Petrusha," he said, harshly, "when it is quite necessary to speak of General Dragonoffsky's orders, as for instance if I disobey them, you can tell me. When it is not, hold your tongue, or I may take a fancy to go back and see the general about the insolence of his spy. Do you understand?"

Petrusha turned pale. He knew that his orders were very strict to use respect to the man he was watching, and he knew that he had no power to prevent Ziska doing as he threatened. "Pardon, one of noble blood," he stammered. "I will endeavor to do my duty by your excellency indeed. I am at your excellency's orders entirely."

"Then come along," said Ziska, more good-naturedly, and they descended the steps and left the Kremlin by the celebrated Spass Vorota or "Savior's Gate." Over the great brick arch hung a picture of the Virgin and child, in bright mosaic, with a gold background, and Petrusha took off his fur cap and made a low obeisance before the picture. The American likewise removed his hat, for to do otherwise at the Spass Vorota brings down the police very quickly.

Outside the walls of the Kremlin stretched a broad open space, and about a hundred yards from the place was a great crowd of troikas (Russian sledges) with the drivers all clamoring away in the true Jehu style of all the world.

As the young traveler approached the shouting crowd he glanced his eye quickly over the horses. The animals were stamping and pawing the ground, shaking the bells of their *duglas*, and all were gayly decorated with colored ribbons.

On the left of the line was a large troika with three black shaggy-looking horses, the only ornament of which was a knot of sky-blue ribbon at the top of the *duga*.

"Petrusha, I like the looks of those horses," said the American, in a brisk, decided manner. "There is my troika. Those fellows can take me to Troitsa easy enough before night, for the day is still young."

Petrusha looked alarmed. "By no means, your excellency. Yonder is the team of bays that brought us from the hotel. It will be impossible for any one team to drive to the monastery in one day. We must use the *podvoznaya* and get post-horses."

"Oh, nonsense," said Ziska, continuing to walk to the strange troika. "I've heard so much about the speed and bottom of your Russian horses I'm going to try them. Halloa, you, *ish voshitshik!* how much will you charge to take us to the Troitsa Monastery?"

He addressed a tall, Herculean fellow with

black eyes and beard and a strong aquiline face, a very different figure from the squat, unassuming, Tartar-looking Russians; and the man instantly answered, in broken English: "Very good, English lord. Troitsa, twenty roubles. Good horse, Cossack, never tire. Good."

The man had not been shouting like the rest, but had advanced quietly as if only trying to catch the American's eye. Petrusha now interfered with a flood of voluble Russian to the driver, interspersed with English appeals to Ziska.

"Consider, your excellency, I don't know this man and he may lose your excellency among robbers. I am responsible for your excellency's safety. (Go away, pig of a Cossack, or I'll have you knouted)—this is Russian." "Let your excellency be persuaded and start in good time to-morrow."

Ziska Hoffman made no answer, neither did the big driver. The American simply stepped into the troika and sunk down amid the white wolf-skins with which it was filled, while the driver jumped up on the box and gathered up the reins.

Then Petrusha was thoroughly frightened. "Oh, one of noble blood, do not trust this man. He is a Don Cossack, a robber of the steppe. He will have you killed."

"Poddle, *ish voshitshik*, (Go ahead, driver)," was the only reply Ziska deigned. Then the big driver cracked his whip, and the three black horses started down the wide street to the city gates at full gallop. As they started, Petrusha jumped on behind and stood on the left runner of the sledge, with his teeth set. He shouted no more, but had evidently made up his mind to accept the situation with the best grace he could.

Ziska said nothing, and the driver was silent as they dashed down the street. Ten minutes of such rapid work brought them to the city gates, and then it appeared what Petrusha was about to do. As they came near the gate, which was flanked, as usual in walled towns, by a guard-house, he suddenly climbed into the troika and took a seat by Ziska.

"Now, sir," he said, savagely, dropping all his respect, "we have gone far enough. Order the driver to stop, or I call the guard."

Then Ziska's whole manner changed of a sudden. He threw up the wolf-skin in front, so as to cover him up to the chin, with a flap covering Petrusha, hiding his right arm from the view of all but the spy, and Petrusha saw the muzzle of a revolver close to his heart. The American's left arm was around the Russian, drawing him up to the pistol. He said not a word, but his eye gleamed with such a devilish expression that the spy, in spite of his strength, turned pale and trembled. As he did so they were almost at the gate, the horses going faster than ever. The wild driver waved his lash in the air and shouted out something in Russian as they passed the guard-house, to which the sentry replied with a gay laugh. He and the driver were evidently old friends.

The next moment they were through the gate, out of the beaten track, and skimming over a white sheet of gleaming ice, as smooth as a mirror, the bells jangling so loud as to drown Petrusha's voice, had he dared to shout. But there seemed to be no fear of that. The spy sat as if transfixed, gazing at the muzzle of the pistol, which almost touched his side. He was evidently completely cowed by the time by the sudden boldness and dexterity displayed by the slender young man beside him. So away went the troika over the white field of ice, till they entered a wood of low fir trees, and a moment later Moscow had disappeared from view behind a dense screen of verdure.

Not till then did the wild driver slacken his pace. He pulled up his team till the shaft-horse was trotting and the outsiders were at a gentle canter. Then he tied the end of his reins into a bunch, and made a sudden spring from the box, alighting on the back of the shaft-horse as if he were used to that sort of exercise. With perfect coolness he untied the bells from the *duga* of the horse and put them in his breast, then, without stopping, jumped back on the box, gathered up his reins and drove on. The progress of the sledge at once became almost noiseless.

Then Ziska spoke for the first time, and to the utter astonishment of the spy used perfectly good Russian. "Now, thou unclean Petrusha, I think I have thee fast. It may save trouble to blow out thy brains here."

"Mercy, one of noble blood, mercy!" faltered the spy. "I will help your excellency in all things; I can tell your excellency—"

"Tell what I ask you and that's all I want," said Ziska, curtly. "What were General Dragonoffsky's orders to you about me?"

"Very well," said Ziska, coolly. "I'd just as soon shoot you as not, and take the orders from your dead body. You have them in the lining of your coat. Take them out, or I'll shoot."

Petrusha's teeth fairly chattered, and he drew forth the pistol he had been trying to draw unobserved. "I will give them up at once," he faltered. "I will give them up at once."

He fumbled in his bosom, Ziska watching him keenly. The American smiled in a peculiar manner, and observed: "Petrusha, I've been in California, and they have a trick there. Drop that pistol!"

There was a bright flash and a sharp little report, as the spy, with a yell of pain, let fall his right arm, shattered at the wrist, and with it the pistol he had been trying to draw unobserved.

The American picked up the pistol, which had fallen among the furs, and glanced at it, contemptuously. "Smith and Wesson, old model, no good," he said, coolly.

Then he threw it out of the sledge. "Now, Master Petrusha, I'll take those papers from you, alive or dead. Do you understand?" Petrusha grimaced a pale, pained, but no longer with his unwounded hand to open his coat, and handed to Ziska a bundle of papers. The driver, during all this little scene, had not even looked round, except for an instant at the pistol-shot, when he merely shrugged his shoulders, and gave a short laugh.

Now Ziska called to him to stop, and he pulled up. "Master Petrusha," said the journalist, politely, "we are now just two miles from Moscow. Get out of this troika and stand over there in front of me on the ice. I want to read these papers, and don't wish you to bother me by trying to take this pistol. You understand? I know you're pretty strong; but, as I said before, I've been in California, and when I get the drop on a man I like to keep it. Get out."

Without a word Petrusha obeyed, and halted in the open, while Ziska Hoffman coolly proceeded to read the instructions of General Dragonoffsky, chief of the Russian secret police, to the spy set over his own person.

"What they were, you will learn next week. (To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)"

The Coxswain's Pet.

BY C. D. CLARK.

WHEN I was a blue-jacket, said the old tar, Dave Estes—Salt-peter Dave we called him—I didn't know when I were well off. I thought it would be a jolly thing to be free, to live in the folsk of a whaler, and so I lit out when my time was up, and wouldn't ship no more. But you hear me, mates; long as I mean to be a sailor I'm goin' the hull hog, an' when I set my foot in York again I'll wend my weary footsteps to the U. S. shipping-office, and when I onct more set my foot on deck of a Yankee man-o'-war, that I sticks."

It's a mighty easy life, when you come to simmer it down. First, you've got a big ship an' room to swing a hammock; next the grub comes reg'lar an' is always good, an' the grog is first-class; an' last, they don't send up three or four poor devils to do all the work in the tops, when

they git short-handed, acause there's always men enough to do the work.

But, that ain't neither here nor there. The sloop-of-war *Huntress* was lying off League Island, waiting for the lieutenant commander, an' I was in her, stationed in the harbor-quarter watch, mose number ten, in the foretop, and pulled number two in the captain's gig. We hadn't seen the lieutenant yet, but we heard he was a roarer, that made his mark on the Massachusetts.

We was ordered for China, and an' it was the commanding officer afore we sailed, an' byenby he came aboard in a shore-boat, an' brought a little middy with him, as hansom a chap as ever you see with a face like a girl, an' curling brown hair an' sunny eyes. We was all so took with him that we didn't half hev eyes fur the lieutenant, a rather youngish man, almost like a boy, but with an eye that meant business.

"Pipe all hands to muster, Mr. Extein," says the commander, as he came up the side. "Stations for getting under way, sir."

You tell me how it works aboard a man-o'-war. Men don't tumble over one another there, but lays their hands on jest such a spot an' goes to work; an' two hundred and fifty men lay heavy on the capstan bars, I tell you, an' it was n't long afore the anchor was at the bow, catted an' fished, an' away we went toward the sea.

I started out to tell about the coxswain's pet, an' that was Willie Brown, the fourth middy. All the men cottoned to him, but most of all Jack Busby, coxswain of the captain's gig; a man that had been in the American navy for twenty years. It seemed to me that Jack couldn't keep his eyes off the boy. When they wasn't on duty you'd be sure to see them snuggled away some where, the boy standing by the old sailor's knee while he told him stories of the sea, an' made him acquainted with the different parts of a ship an' her rigging, as only the old sailor knows it. An' the boy liked the old sailor, too; an' he never seemed to tire of hearing him talk, an' I'll say this word out of his lips to that there boy that mightn't have been seen in a church.

We had a good v'yage out, an' one fine morning in June were running through the narrow sea to the north of Java, with sun, breeze, an' all things just what we needed. Jack an' me were aloft splicing a little of the running rigging that had got adrift, an' Willie Brown was in the foretop watching us, an' Farnin' his duty.

"I don't understand, Jack," says the middy, "how you hav'n't got a warrant office before this."

Jack hung his head an' looked ashamed, but arter a little he spoke up: "Acause I make too free with the grog-tub, my boy; that's the truth, an' no lie."

"Can't say that," says Jack. "The one, as I knows on, that cars enough for an old sailor to give him a word of good advice."

"Jack," says the boy, in his sweet voice, "I think you love me an' will do a good deal for me. I'm going to do it, an' the men will go with me. Don't take your grog when it is served out an' never touch it all the trip."

It was a hard thing, mates. There ain't a one of you but knows how a stiff horn of grog cheers a man up when the ice sticks to the rigging, an' every reef-point is an icicle.

"Tain't easy, my boy," says Jack. "I know that, Jack; of course it isn't easy, but you'll do it for me."

"I won't promise," says Jack, "acause I ain't a-goin' to lie to you."

"Will you promise to try?" "I'll do that much; yes, I'll try."

That was all he would say, an' when the grog was mixed that night I looked at Jack to see what he'd do. He didn't touch it, an' the men didn't either. Some of them had known Jack for years, an' in all that time they never had known him to refuse a drink. When his watch was called Jack went on deck, an' the young middy came up to him.

"I done it once, for you," he said. "I won't promise to do it ag'in."

But he did, again and again, an' it got noised about that the coxswain was trying to reform. Some of the roughs—well, they was on board every ship—started to laugh him out of it, but they didn't run on Jack long; his fist was too heavy! An' when we run into Canton, two weeks after, Jack hadn't touched a drop, an' after we had cast anchor the commander sent for him to the cabin.

"Busby," he said, "I hear a very good account of you."

Jack pulled his forelock an' looked pleased. It was the first good word he'd had from a commander in many a long day.

"Yes, my man," said the commander. "I like sober men, an' particularly when they steer my ship. I'll keep an eye on you an' if you keep it up, an' I think you will, you shall have no occasion to be sorry you can go."

That was the end of it. Jack was two inches taller when he came out of the cabin, an' he walked straight up to the middy.

"I've quit," he said; "you may put it down with a big mark; Jack Busby has taken his last drink of grog."

That was one good thing in coming on board the *Huntress*, Jack, said the middy, "but—"

"At this moment the bos'n's pipe was heard. "Gigs away!"

That was our boat, an' we jumped. Up came the old man, in full uniform, an' we pulled him to the flag-ship, which lay at anchor not far away. We stayed in the boat, an' in half an hour the commander was back, looking serious, an' busby went, an' to the surprise of every one the order came to get up the anchor.

An hour later we were running down the coast. "I wonder what's up, Jack?" I says.

"I reckon it's a fight," he says. "One of the men has been shot, as said we was going down to bombard the Cochinchinese."

An' that was it. An American ship had been wrecked on their coast, an' they had taken the crew an' captain prisoners, an' the admiral had sent the *Huntress* down to see about it. A few minutes later the order came to get up the anchor, where the prisoners were, an' sent a flag to demand them. They sent us word to come an' take them.

That meant fight, and a big fight, too. They had two thousand men in the fort, an' there ain't any better fighters in China than these men. They are more like the Malays than the Chinese, and we knew that our work was cut out for us. So we got out the boats, an' landed a hundred an' fifty men, on the beach below the fort, covered by the fire of the *Huntress*, which kept the devils in their works. Every man had two revolvers an' his cutlass, an' though they were fifteen to one, we didn't seem to care. Just as we formed, Jack saw Willie Brown among the soldiers.

"Stick by the boats, Willie," he says; "you ain't got no call to go."

"Silence!" cried Lieutenant Extein. "Ready, boys; boarders away!"

Then came the battle-yell of our blue-jackets, an' with a revolver in one hand an' cutlass in the other, we scaled the works an' attacked them. The beggars were so tickled at the idea of one hundred an' fifty men charging them, that they never closed their gates, an' half the men charged right up through the gateway, driving the yellow cusses before them like sheep.

They never see such weepins, an' I reckon they never want to ag'in!

The cutlass, used by a handy sailor, is bad enough, but the revolving Colts was what bothered them. They had muskets of a rough make, but we was on them so quick they couldn't use them, an' the way we piled them up with the revolvers was just a sin. Most of them ran like men, but four or five hundred of the best ringed around the governor, brought down their long swords, an' charged us.

You ought to see us wade through them!

Jack was everywhere. His revolver never cracked but a yellin' Mongol went down, an' when his cutlass hit a man, it just clove him to the chin. We scattered the body-guard, an' Lieutenant Extein took the governor with his own hand, when we heard a cry, an' there was Willie Brown in the gateway, hurried along by two big rascals, with half a hundred more all round him.

"Comon, boys!" cried Jack. "I'll save that boy or die."

The next mimit he was among them, cutting right an' left, an' had the boy out of their grip, an' the two men who held him under his feet. They turned on him like tigers, and a dozen swords were at his breast at once. But he beat down the blades, an' for a while held his own, covering the boy, who was wounded in the right arm, with his own body. A dozen of us went at them, cutlass in hand, an' scattered them to the four winds; an' then we saw poor Jack on the ground, blood from head to foot, an' Willie trying to raise him.

"Hit hard, my boy!" he murmured. "Saved you, anyhow, an' I don't care for this old hulk."

Th' all was still, an' the boy fell sobbing beside the silent form of the brave coxswain. We lifted the wounded man tenderly, an' carried him down to the boats, an' on board the ship. For weeks it was touch an' go, for the coxswain was terribly cut up, but at last they brought him round; an' I think it made him well on the spot when Willie put a bos'n's warrant into his hand, given for his bravery in the attack on the fort.

Willie Brown is third lieutenant now, an' Jack is bos'n on his ship. I think he'd go down among the coal-passers sooner than not be in the same ship with his favorite; an' from that day to this he can pass the grog-tub an' never taste it, an' the young lieutenant will never lose the name of the "Coxswain's Pet."

The Outlaw's Wife.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

As the rapid clattering of a horse's hoofs came to his ears, the traveler abruptly drew rein, one hand instinctively seeking the revolver that hung against his hip, his eyes keenly ranging ahead, until the narrow road lost itself among the thick-growing trees that made a living arch overhead. But the stern-set features relaxed as the rider came in view; as well they might.

A woman, young and almost bewilderingly beautiful, despite her plain, homely attire. A face that was purely oval, set in a frame of luxuriant curls, black and glossy as polished jet; a face with large, lustrous eyes, with full, red lips, between which could just be seen a gleam of white even teeth, with skin that seemed living marble, just touched by the warm breath of the summer sun; a figure that was rounded and symmetry itself, that freely followed each motion of the generous bay horse—all this Harry Carter saw at the first glance. It was an afterthought that made him notice the limp sun-bonnet that hung upon the woman's back, the plain riding-habit of brown calico that barely reached to the tip of her stout, country-made shoes.

Straight ahead the young woman rode, only drawing rein as the two horses fairly touched muzzles, for Carter, amazed by the shape his natural fears had taken, made no effort to give the road until the fair vision spoke:

"Are you one of the Youngers or James' boys?" he had once established a private toll-gate—"I beg pardon, lady," and Carter backed his horse into the edge of the brush, flushing hotly as her low, musical, yet almost taunting laugh rung in his ears. "But to meet an angel where one is expecting a devil, is surely excuse enough for one's losing one's head."

"As a stranger—for none of our country lads could have uttered that speech without halting—to the natural curiosities of this region (angels in sun-bonnets included) you are very excusable."

"One moment," said Carter, as she was about to ride past him. "Can you tell me how far it is to the house of John Hazelwood. I am a stranger in these parts, and I begin to fear that I have lost my way."

"Squatter John's cabin stands close to this road, not two miles ahead; but whether you find him at home is doubtful. If not, and your business is pressing, you will find the latch-string hanging out; pull it, make yourself at home, and the old man will like you all the better for it when he comes back."

"You know the old gentleman, then?" "We are neighbors. Once more—good-evening!"

With a half-saucy nod, the young woman loosened the reins and galloped rapidly away. Carter followed her with his eyes, and even turned his horse's head so thoughtfully tempted to follow her in the flesh. One quick, backward glance, then the winning road led her beyond his sight. Then a sharp cry of fear or pain, followed by the swiftly-receding trampling of iron-shod hoofs.

Without a moment's hesitation Carter put spurs to his horse and sped down the road, feeling as if by instinct that the young lady had met with some mishap. Rounding the curve, he wrenched in his horse, with a cry of alarm. Just before him lay the young woman, like one dead. Her horse had disappeared along the winding road.

Leaving from the saddle, Carter stooped over the motionless figure, lifting her head to his breast, brushing the dirt and leaves from her curls. His horse, still smarting from the rankling of spurs, snorted and reared back, then turned as upon a pivot and galloped swiftly away.

Carter dropped the curly head, and instinctively started in pursuit, but only for a few yards. Pausing, he glanced first in the direction taken by his steed, then back to the fair stranger who now raised her head, a low, almost mocking laugh parting her lips. But as she sprung to her feet, the laugh was cut short by a gasp of pain, and tottering, she sunk back, her lips white and tightly compressed.

From that moment Carter forgot all about his horse, of the near-drawing night, of everything save the fair sufferer.

Her provoking audacity gone, she faintly replied to his eager questions. Her horse, shying, had thrown her heavily. Her foot had caught in the stirrup for a moment—long enough to severely twist her ankle, and for the brute to kick her twice in the side before dashing away.

"If I only had my horse—" hesitated Carter. "Perhaps I can walk. It is not very far to our house. If you would be so kind—"

Clinging to his arm, she struggled to her feet, and even made several steps in advance, thus supported; but the effort seemed too great, and only for his quickly encircling arms, she must have fallen to the ground.

"Lead me—bring help," she breathed, faintly, her soft cheek pressing his breast, her breath fanning his face. The wolves may not—if you are quick—"

"I will not leave you," muttered Carter, his blood leaping hotly through his veins. "I am strong enough to carry you—if I only knew the road."

"You are so good—so kind!" and the large, liquid eyes gazed full into his. "I am so sorry to trouble you."

"I am paid a thousand fold," and there was a burning glow in the young man's eyes that told how truly he meant what he said. "Only for the pain you are feeling, I could wish that it might last forever!"

"Wouldn't a week or so do?" and the red lips parted with a little, shy laugh. "But I do not see what is to be done, for there are wolves about, and I should die of terror were I left alone. It is not a mile to our house—do you think you could carry me—"

For answer Carter lifted her easily, tenderly. "It must be nice to be a man—you are so strong! Please take that path through the woods—it is shorter."

Without a word, Carter entered the path indicated, and followed it with a quick, steady step, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, under the pressure of the warm, soft cheek. He seemed insensible to fatigue, though at any other time he would have found nine stone of flesh and blood a rather wearisome armor. But with those wonderful eyes occasionally meeting his, that bewitchingly beautiful face in such proximity to his own, he felt not the slightest fatigue, and strode on without pause for nearly half a mile. Nor would he have stopped then, but for sufficient cause.

A tall, roughly-clad man stepped from behind the sheltering trunk of a large elm, and barred the path. The lower portion of his face was hidden by one sun-empowered hand, clasping a cocked and leveled revolver.

"I reckon you're my meat, stranger!" "Surprised, as indeed he well might be, Carter paused abruptly, his arms slowly relaxing, his grasp, as he stared into the muzzle of the revolver.

"You're just the man I've been looking for," added the highwayman, slightly lowering his weapon. "Just pull your weapon and toss it here, then you can get up an' git."

Carter wholly released his fair burden, and clasped his hand upon his hip; but his fingers closed only upon the empty scabbards—his revolvers were gone!

At the same moment the young woman sprung forward, as freely and lightly as though she had never known an accident, and took a position behind the outlaw, one arm around his waist, a mocking smile curling her ruby lips.